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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamchatka; performed during the years 1820, 21, 22, and 23. By Capt. John Dundas Cochrane, R.N. Svo. pp. 564. London 1824. J. Murray.

As these are perhaps the most curious and eccentric travels which have been performed at any period, so do we think this account of them likely to be as extensively popular as any work of the kind which has been published for many years. The mode of journeying adopted by the author, and the adventures to which it exposed him, are so entirely romantic, that unless we had the certain proof of their truth before our eyes, we could no more believe them than we believe the chivalrous *rudes* against giants and monsters for the disenchanting of damsels, by knights-errant of old. These, indeed, had their chargers and squires; but Captain Cochrane chose to go forth on foot and alone, to traverse strange lands and brave inhospitable climes.

Of his extraordinary proceedings we have more than once heard from Russia, and the readers of the *Literary Gazette* may remember the several letters and notices which we have inserted on the subject. Without further comment, therefore, we shall introduce the author's own details; and, after stating who he is, and what were his plans, put ourselves *en route* with him, as the best method of reviewing his very remarkable and entertaining volume.

Captain Cochrane is the son of the well-known Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, and consequently the nephew of Admiral, and of the Hon. Basil, and the cousin of Lord Cochrane.

In the piping time of peace 1820, when as a commander in the Royal Navy he had nothing to employ his time, and evidently partaking of a portion of that spirit of oddity and enterprise so strongly and variously developed in his family, he offered his services to the Admiralty to explore that grave of European endeavour, the interior of Africa. This offer not being accepted, he turned his attention towards Russia, and, having previously wandered over France, Spain and Portugal, determined to walk from Europe into Asia, and thence into America by its northern limits!—"a journey of many thousand miles, and over a country considered as next to impassable." How much of this stupendous undertaking was accomplished, and by what means, will appear in the sequel; but we shall, per-

haps, startle the public at the onset, when we quote from the Preface the following general statement of the author—

"I frequently walked, and as frequently rode, and was thus enabled to go over a vast extent of country in a short time; and such is the kind disposition of the Russian character towards a stranger, as evinced in my case, that I feel convinced that, by studying their manners and customs, partaking of their amusements, shewing respect to their religion, and otherwise conforming to their rude notions, the Empire of Russia may be traversed by a foreigner in every direction, with much convenience, plenty of food, good lodgings, and even suitable raiment, without molestation, and this for so inconsiderable a sum, that to name it were to challenge disbelief. I shall, therefore, only state that the expenses of my journey from Moscow to Irkutsk (by the route I went, six thousand miles,) certainly fell short of a *grivna*."

In fact, it appears that our countryman not only travelled as a pedestrian, but that he walked and worked his way in *forma pauperis*. We frequently find his wants relieved by presents of shoes, clothes, money, &c. from other travellers whom he casually met, from British residents in the countries through which he passed, and from natives of every station in life; in short, he nearly lived on charity, and we must confess that we should have liked him better had his whim induced him to adopt at least one degree above that order, as a British officer in foreign parts.

We will cite an example or two of the shifts to which his mendicist system exposed him. Trying to get to Memel in a fisherman's boat, together with a young recruit, they were beset with ice, and Capt. C. relates—

"In this exigency, to give more room, the young recruit and I were obliged to quit. He, poor fellow! had been enjoying a sound sleep, wrapped up in great coats; to him, therefore, this reverse seemed severer than to me. For myself, I felt aware of the impropriety of resuming our journey at that hour, and hungry and fatigued as we were. But what was to be done? Return I would not, although a village was within two miles of us; yet to proceed was impossible, from our ignorance of the way, and the darkness of the night. We were also quite destitute of bread, tobacco, or schnapps, and my knapsack was in charge of the young Saxon, who had agreed to take it to Memel for me.—I felt as if completely undone. Putting, how-

† As a hint for pedestrians of meaner aspirations, he gives the following recipe for the cure, ease, and preservation of the feet, which, *probatur est*. "It is simply to rub the feet at going to bed, with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand. On the following morning, no blisters will exist; the spirit seems to possess the healing power, the tallow serving only to keep the skin soft and pliant. The soles of the feet, the ankles, and insteps, should be rubbed well; and even where no blisters exist, the application may be usefully made as a preventive. Salt and water is a good substitute; and while on this head, I would recommend foot travellers never to wear right and left shoes: it is bad economy, and indeed serves to cramp the feet."

ever, a good face upon it, I took off my shoes, hat, and jacket, and taking a spare flannel waistcoat and drawers, which I had fortunately retained in a bundle with a dry pair of worsted stockings, with this I made myself a bed, putting my feet into my hat, and pointing them towards the wind, and my shoes under my head for a pillow: then lying down and drawing my jacket over my shoulders, I slept very soundly; although, upon awaking next morning, I was both wet and stiff; but after taking some strong exercise backwards and forwards, I recovered the use of my limbs and my health."

Again, in Russia, he says,

"On the road to Yedrova, I received two roubles as charity from the master of a post-house, from whom also I had received refreshment gratis. I had declined the money, and, as I thought, with success, but on my arrival at the next station, found it in my cap: this is, indeed, real benevolence."

And at Pogost, "Being too jaded to proceed farther, I thought myself fortunate in being able to pass the night in a *cas*."

But it is hardly necessary to dwell on this point, as we have done enough to explain circumstances which will occur in our future quotations. Capt. C. rapidly crossed France and Prussia; and at Petersburg was furnished with documents, by the liberality of the government, to protect him in travelling, forward his views, and, in case of need, replenish his purse. He accordingly set out on the 24th of May; and his first memorabilia were of bad omen, for he witnessed the destruction of the Emperor's magnificent summer palace, at Tzarsko Selo, by fire; and his next adventure was still more immediately and personally distressing. We will put it in his own words:

"I passed the night in the cottage of a farmer, resigning myself to the attacks and annoyance of such vermin as generally haunt impoverished dwellings. I was proportionably pleased in the morning to pursue my journey. My route was towards Liabane, at about the ninth mile-stone from which I sat down, to smoke a segar, or pipe, as fancy might dictate, when I was suddenly seized from behind, by two ruffians, whose visages were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit. One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged me by the collar towards the forest, while the other, with a bayoneted musket, pushed me on; in such a manner, as to make me move with more than ordinary celerity; while a boy, auxiliary to these vagabonds, was stationed on the road side to keep a look out."

"We had got some sixty or eighty paces into the thickest part of the forest, when I was desired to undress, and having stripped off my trowsers and jacket, then my shirt, and finally, my shoes and stockings, they proceeded to tie me to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, I fully concluded that they intended to try the effect of a musket upon me, by firing at me as they

* He says elsewhere, "I was not, however, the less convinced of the practicability of my plan: but finding that a young commander like myself was not likely to be employed afloat, I determined to undertake a journey, varying only the object and the scene to that of the unfortunate Ladyard, viz. to travel round the globe, as nearly as can be done by Land, crossing from Northern Asia to America, at Behring's Straights; I also determined to perform the journey on foot, for the best of all possible reasons, that my finances allowed of no other. I accordingly procured two years' leave of absence, and prepared to traverse the continents of Europe, Asia, and America."

would at a mark. I was, however, reserved for fresh scenes: the villains, with much *sang froid* seated themselves at my feet, and rifled my knapsack and pockets, even cutting out the linings of the clothes in search of bank bills or some other valuable articles. They then compelled me to take at least a pound of black bread, and a glass of rum poured from a small flask which had been suspended from my neck. Having appropriated my trowsers, shirts, stockings and shoes (the last I regretted most of all, as they were a present from Sir D. Bailey)—as also my spectacles, watch, compass, thermometer, and small pocket-sextant, with one hundred and sixty roubles, they at length released me from the tree, and, at the point of a stiletto, made me swear that I would not inform against them,—such, at least, I conjectured to be their meaning, though of their language I understood not a word.

"Having received my promise, I was again treated to bread and rum, and once more fastened to the tree, in which condition they finally abandoned me. Not long after, a boy who was passing heard my cries, and set me at liberty. I did not doubt he was sent by my late companions upon so considerate an errand, and felt so far grateful: though it might require something more than common charity to forgive their depriving me of my shirt and trowsers, and leaving me almost as naked as I came into the world.

"To pursue my route or return to Tzarsko Selo would, indeed, be alike indecent and ridiculous, but being so, and there being no remedy, I made therefore, 'forward' the order of the day; having first with the remnant of my apparel rigged myself à l'Ecossoise, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to the knees: my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on with even a merry heart.

"Within a few miles I passed betwixt files of soldiers employed in making a new road, under the orders of General Woronoff, upon whom I waited to report the situation in which I was placed. The servant, perhaps naturally enough, refused to let me pass without first acquainting him with my business, I however, steadily persisted in my determination, and at length hearing the noise and scuffle of turning me out, the General appeared and listened to my mournful tale. The good heart of his Excellency suggested the necessity of first administering me food: some clothes were then offered to me, which I declined, considering my then dress as peculiarly becoming. The General then sent an officer with two men back to the village to make inquiries concerning the robbery. These were, however, fruitless, and I quitted, with many thanks to the General, in his own carriage, which was directed to take me the first station. I soon discovered that carriage-riding was too cold, and therefore preferred walking, bare-footed as I was; and on the following morning reached Tschudovo, a low and uncultivated waste, a hundred miles from St. Petersburg. Thence to Podberezie, and thence to Novgorod. I had passed on the road many populous and neat villages, and numerous tents belonging to the military workmen, which gave additional interest to a fertile and picturesque scenery. To the left was the river Volga, in which Novgorod stands. The approach to the river and the numerous towers and spires of the churches

and convents, with their gilded and silvered casements glittering in the sun, recalled for a moment the memory of its ancient splendour. I entered at two o'clock, and immediately waited on the governor. He would have provided me with clothing on the instant; I was however hungry, and requested food. The governor smiled, but assented, and I then accepted a shirt and trowsers."

Journeying on, he enters Muscovy—

"Next day, passing over a wild dreary waste to Zaitzova, a pleasant town, of fifteen hundred inhabitants, I put up at a civil house, if the admission of both sexes and of all ranks and dispositions may deserve such a term: the variety was indeed ludicrous enough, but the conduct and conversation not of a nature to be described.

"The women of Muscovy hitherto appear civil and cleanly dressed, though disfigured by the abominable custom of tying their breasts as low, flat, and tight, as possible. The men appear equally civil, obliging, and hospitable, but almost equally disguised, by their swaddling coat of cloth, or sheep skin, coloured trowsers, and immense boots, sash round the body, a wide rimmed hat, and long beard. This mode of dress certainly gives them something of a ferocious appearance. ---

"The first circumstance which attracted my notice upon reaching Tver, was at the gate, where an impost of three large stones is levied upon every horse that passes. These are converted to the paving of the city; nor will the tax appear either slight or useless in a country where stones are not very abundant."

Still advancing, we pick out the most singular and interesting particulars, without noting the stages, which may be traced on any map:

"I arrived at Vladimir in time to breakfast, travelling during the night to escape the heat of the sun. My way of life had evidently excited an interest in the peasantry among whom I passed, several of them dividing their meals and sharing their fire and dwellings with me, with the most cordial good-will.

"I might nevertheless have considered myself fortunate if I could have reached Vladimir with only a sound drubbing instead of a broken head, merely because I could not ask in the Russian language for some knass and fire to light my pipe. To prevent the recurrence of this evil, on the next occasion I entered a house, *sans ceremonie*, and helped myself. My hostess instantly dashed the cup into the street, and with the assistance of others of her sex drove me after it at the end of broomsticks, which were besides not spared upon my back. The odds were fearful against me; I was therefore content to bear my punishment without resistance. At the next place, a decent chop-house at Vladimir, I enquired of a servant who spoke French, the character of my persecutors, and learnt that most of those villages are inhabited by Raskolnicks or Schismatics, who have, in a manner, withdrawn or separated from the Greek Church, and admit of even less toleration than the Church of Rome. They are bound by the rules of their religion, to deny food, fire, and water, and every assistance, to all who are not of their own persuasion; and are even forbidden to hold any intercourse with them. Notwithstanding the repulsiveness of these tenets, they are said to gain many thousands of proselytes every year. They are considered good agriculturists, and of the most sober and industrious habits, never drinking ardent spirits, nor using to-

bacco. Among themselves they are a kind, friendly people, and excellent fathers and husbands, but towards the rest of the world are—what I too certainly experienced."

At Nishney Novgorod, "I was shown over the fair by a Spanish gentleman, now an officer of engineers of Russia, and whose family in Granada I had lately resided. He is married to the daughter of General Betancourt, chief of his department. I dined with him and two other Spanish colonels, as well as a young Muscovy Englishman, the whole party even here, in the very heart of Russia, talking only the Spanish language.

"His Excellency the Governor received me with customary attention, but I was not so fortunate as to meet his amiable lady, an Englishwoman. The truth was, her servant would not admit me, judging, no doubt, from the length of my beard and shabbiness of my dress, that I must be a Jew, or something worse. Thus denied, I embarked, in a freak of fancy, on board a lighter bound to Kazan, the better to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Volga; having previously, and only just in time, been supplied with provisions, and a pair of English shooting shoes, through the kindness of my excellent host Baron Bode."

The sail down the Volga is striking, but was so tedious, that the author, after a few days' sail, tells us,

"The next halting place was Chebacsars, where the river is very shallow, and encumbered with shifting banks; and here we were again detained by foul winds, as well as the negligence or laziness of the crew, till I began to feel fired of my aquatic excursion, the river offering so very little worthy of notice. I would fain have pursued my route by land, but was prevented by my bag of copper money, which, although its value was not a guinea, was, at least, sixty pounds weight. Leaving it was, of course, totally out of the question: I had, therefore, no remedy but patience.

"At Chebacsars I again laid in a stock of provisions, conformably to agreement. It consisted of barley, rye, flour, with oil, and black bread. I had hitherto messed with the crew, whose diet was wholesome, although rather new to me, consisting of the above flour, boiled, and stewed down with water and oil. He who likes burgoo, must relish casha; and it was with extreme pleasure that I received the spoon into my hand, in my proper turn, to partake of this humble fare. This we did three times a day, and I had the happy consciousness of its perfect cleanliness, as I myself stood cook. Provisions, in general, may be here considered cheap; bread, a halfpenny per pound; beer, a halfpenny per bottle; eggs, threepence per dozen; and milk, a farthing per bottle. Animal food I know nothing about, not having bought any.

--- "In Kazan (further down the Volga's banks) is a church, which gave rise to that beautiful building, the Kazan church, at Saint Petersburg, though its architecture would seem to denote a theatre. I dined with her eminence the abbess, for so she is styled. She had the benevolence to present me with an image of their saint, which was to act as a charm against otherwise inevitable mischief. I accepted it, of course, with due reverence, without any strong faith in its boasted virtues,—an estimate, which, it will be seen by experience, was fully vindicated. The lady, the original of this image, lives twelve miles from Kazan, to which, however, she makes an annual visit, and collects, from the credulity of

her believers, sufficient to support her the ensuing year."

At length Capt. C. left the river navigation, and again took to his feet. He paints the country as populous, but the population sadly deteriorated by the consumption of ardent spirits, which unfortunately yields the only revenues for enriching their governors.

Tramping onwards, he passed the Ural Chain, and his accounts become more and more novel. At Krasnooufinsk, he says,

"A deputation of the inhabitants waited upon me, to request I would remain a couple of days, to be present at a dinner to be given in honour of the first Englishman who had visited the place. I felt the compliment nationally, but thought best to decline it, as perfectly unmerited by the individual, and returned to Achitskaya Krepost. Thence to Bisserskaya Krepost, over eighteen miles of uncultivated country, after which I gently ascended a considerable elevation into the bosom of the Ural mountains, where not a vestige of cultivation exists besides young firs and birch. The air was exceedingly cold on the summit. At noon I stopped at the last European station, called Kirgishantsky Krepost, and at the last European residence, where I dined. The good people had resolved I should not leave this paramour quarter of the globe with any trace of dissatisfaction, and young children continually presented me with wild strawberries and cream: the strawberries were of an excellent flavour, and it is the custom of these poor people to present the traveller with such fruit during the season. I received the present, standing with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, covered, however, with nothing but brush wood.

"In the evening I reached the first station in Asia, called Groborsky, a post-town, and next day, with a stout heart, descended the Siberian part of the Ural chain, to Belimbaisky Zavod, or Iron Foundry, on the banks of the Tschusova, where there are many handsome buildings. Early the ensuing morning I reached Ekaterinebourg, having passed in safety the mighty barriers which divide Europe from Asia. The ascent and descent are so nearly imperceptible, that were it not for the precipitous banks every where to be seen, the traveller would hardly suppose he had crossed a range of hills. As far as this frontier town of Siberia, I had travelled through one continued forest of pine trees, and for twenty miles nothing met the eye but fire wood, grown for the use of the Imperial fabrics.

"On reaching the Asiatic side of the Ural chain, I could not help remarking that the inhabitants of all the villages were much more civil, more hospitable, and more cleanly dressed; and in no one instance would they accept of money for the food I had occasion to procure. I never entered a cottage, but shitshee (a cabbage soup,) with meat, milk and bread, were immediately placed before me unasked; nor could any intreaty of mine induce them to receive a higher reward than a pipe of tobacco, or a glass of vodka (whisky.) In short, to prevent uselessly troubling the inhabitants, I was obliged to consign my nearly exhausted purse to the care of my knapsack, renouncing the hacknied and unsocial custom of paying for food.

"Among other proofs of their civility, or rather of the interest which Russians take in foreigners, as well as the means they have

of making themselves understood, one very strong one occurred to me in a small village. I had learnt so much of the language as to know that *kchorosho* is the Russian word for well, but not that *kekudo* was the translation for bad. My host being a good sort of a blunt fellow, was discoursing upon the impropriety of travelling as I did. As I could not comprehend him, I was impatient to go, but he persisted in detaining me till he had made me understand the meaning of *kekudo*. My extreme stupidity offered a powerful barrier to his design; but a smart slap on one cheek, and a kiss on the other, followed by the words *kekudo* and *kchorosho*, soon cured my dulness, and I laughed heartily in spite of this mode of instruction.

"Ekaterinebourg is the key of Siberia, and hence, a post at which passports are most rigorously examined. Yet on making known my intention to stop at the house of a Mr. Major, an Englishman, and an officer in the College of Mines, I was not only permitted to pass, but, in Mr. Major's absence, another lodging was procured me. This was in the dwelling of a Mr. Mohr, a low plodding German, of whom there are too many in Ekaterinebourg. It is a well built city, founded by Catherine, near the source of the Isset, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants. There is a large fabric belonging to the Emperor, for polishing and preparing vases, urns, slabs, and the like, as well as to deposit selections of mineralogy and precious stones for the formation of cabinets. There are also numerous large iron and copper foundries in the neighbourhood of Ekaterinebourg, the latter of which supplies the mint of the city with metal for coining three millions of copper roubles annually. The coin is badly executed, being chipped and cracked the first moment it is issued, nor is the metal better; and no care is taken to select or recoin any of this wretched money. The copper mines are near three hundred miles distant from the city; yet here the metal is worked up into ingots, heated, barred, cut, rounded, cleaned, and stamped.

"Near the city the river is dammed up so as to form a sort of lake for the washing of the sand, which produces the gold, and close to it is the department for smelting that costly metal. This is produced from the gold mines of Berezoofsky, distant twelve miles; the quantity produced is, however, small. The moment a fine specimen of pure gold is discovered, it makes its way into the cabinet of some private individual, and such specimens are neither few in number nor their intrinsic value small."

He describes the gold mines, &c.; but nothing occurs till our author reaches Tobolsk, and this affords us a fit place to rest for the present.

A Midsummer Day's Dream. A Poem. By Edwin Atherstone. 12mo. pp. 173. London 1824. Baldwin, Cradock & Joy.

THAT Mr. Atherstone is a poet of a very high order, no one who has read his "Last Days of Hercules" can doubt; and the present work, though, like its precursor, unequal, will not only confirm but augment his fame. Splendid conception, and the appearance of being borne on with the full tide of inspiration, are his striking characteristics. Where the subject is inferior he languishes; but where it is sublime he rises to the top of his theme, and

Rides the whirlwind and directs the storm.

It is a disadvantage to the volume before us, that in our critical capacity we have been obliged to peruse it from beginning to end at a sitting. A succession of noble images, of grand descriptions, and of lofty ideas, like the succession of masterpieces of art in a too numerous collection, fatigue the mind and pall on the imagination. We should look at only a few of them at a time, and return again and again fresh to the view, if we desire truly to feel all their beauties. So, in a poem like the present, where the author, in his excursive fancy, carries us from the Pole to the Equator, dives with us into the depths of ocean, penetrates the centre, lifts us from the earth to the end of space, visits other worlds, suns, and systems, and describes their birth and extinction—it is impossible to enter sufficiently into his thoughts, and duly to appreciate his merits at a single reading. We can only speak of our general impression; and that is highly in favour of Mr. Atherstone, whose production, in our opinion, contains both what is original and admirable.

Yet we are not blind to certain blemishes and faults. The introductory part, minutely detailing the aspects and employments of a long Summer's Day, is often trite and cockneyish; the writer does not seem to have been warmed by its sun, into the genuine pitch of poetical feeling. He is only preparing for his dream, and trifles through the preliminaries, not always attentive to sound composition, or even to grammar. We heartily dislike the eminent silliness of what has been called the Cockney School: the poetry of fellows who never experienced one glowing or manly sentiment, who never tasted the sweets or the grandeur of nature, who never knew the overwhelming gushes of human passions;—but little conceited prigs, as busy about a tiny blossom as if they were bees and had to suck their existence from it,—nibbling minnows in the stream of Helicon, to which a crumb is an endless supply of food,—or grasshoppers at the lower edge of Parnassus, chirping over the treasures of a stunted blade of herbage, as if they had dared the ascent and marked their path with an ever-during track. Let Mr. Atherstone shun the contagion of these puny creatures, of whom a myriad, belonging to air, water, or earth, would not constitute one great poet.

We give him this advice, because, in such passages as the following, he approaches their namby-pamby confines.

There was no ripple seen,

No gentlest swell. ---

So I went

Through fields, and green-bank'd lanes, where
Live on till summer. ---

For a faint breath of air, ev'n at the height
On which I stood scarce felt, play'd over it,
Waking innumerable dimples on its face,
As though 'twere conscious of the splendid guest,
That smil'd then touch'd the threshold of heaven's
And smiled to bid him welcome. --- [gates,

A miserable conceit, and worthy of Leigh Hunt.

Towards the east

An atmosphere of golden light, that grew
Momentarily brighter, and intensely bright,
Proclaim'd the approaching sun. ---

--- The young lambs

Scour'd over hill and meadow.

--- The hawk

Gliding ---

Or like an arrow rapidly darting down.

But we will not pursue the exposition of these weaknesses, nor enter into a dispute

with the author upon his lectures against city living and social enjoyments. Poor Man has not always his choice; and though sleeping on the grass in the hot sun may be preferable to going to bed after supper—though new milk from the cow may be better than old wine from the bin—though water may beat champagne (which, however, we doubt upon occasions)—in short, though every thing in the country may far surpass every thing in the town, yet we hold it unkind in a roasting, idling, bathing, plunging and dreaming Bard, to insist too strenuously upon these points, and even abuse us (for what we cannot help) who are doomed to life in London. Pierce Egan might, with equal propriety, try to put the provincials out of love with pastoral pleasures. But enough of these. We proceed to the much more gratifying task of displaying the elevated poetical powers of Mr. Atherstone.

He supposes himself to fall asleep on May-day, and in his Sleep a Spirit of the Sun addresses him, enables him to shuffle off his mortal coil, and see all the world of supernatural beings around him. He then bears him to the North Pole, by an easter voyage than Captain Parry makes; thence to the Equator, without undergoing the usual ceremonies on crossing the Line for the first time;—here he dips into the bottom of the abyss, then visits the earth's fiery centre: anon rises through ether and scans existing worlds, splendid abodes in the heavens, and allows him to revel in all the wonders of a highly excited imagination. Such is the outline: we quote parts to exhibit the skill and genius of the execution. When the Sleeper is first rendered immaterial he is finely told—

The elements have now
No influence upon thee: the soft breeze
Passes, and feels no stop where thou art. Look!
Thy substance casts no shadow on the ground;
The sunbeams through thee go as through the air;
Yet dost thou see, and hear, and think, and move;
Though with no mortal organs. But, away!
I see thee all impatient to put forth
Thy new-conferred powers.

The same idea is repeated, but beautifully modified, when the pair are described to be standing by the Northern Pole. The Spirit says—

Such is the rage
Of polar storms. Man never hath beheld—
And could not view them. Thy new-moulded form
Feeleth not fire nor frost; but couldst thou stand
With mortal body for one instant here,
In the keen wintry night, thy breath would fall
In snow-flakes, and thine eyes be frozen stiff
Ere thou couldst close them: but man could not
live

To breathe or look; for, as the lightning strikes
With instantaneous death, so suddenly
That intense blast would turn the flesh to stone.

Nor is the picture of the deep ocean's bed inferior—

Now suddenly the darkness
Fled; and a glorious light shone round about,
As if the waters, over-charged with heat,
Had burst into a blaze. Then I beheld
The bed of the great deep:—mountains of rock,
Huge as earth's highest hills; and rocky valleys,
All bright, and glittering, and pure: no weed,
Or earth, or slime, as in the shallow seas,
Defil'd them;—the transparent waters rested
Upon them like an emerald atmosphere.

These are, however, too brief and slight extracts to afford a just idea of the poet's talents. We will take a consecutive quotation of several pages, to show fairly how he acquits himself. While they remain at the bot-

tom of the Atlantic, the following beautiful retrospect is taken by the Spirit.

Look upward now [seest
Tow'rd's yon huge mountain!—on its top thou
Enormous masses of black rock, that seem
Like some gigantic city overthrown:
And such it was; the work of those who lived
Ere man was; for the ocean hath not always
Cover'd these hills. That mighty wreck was once
The abode of life and joy:—the sun shone there;
And the winds play'd amid the trees and flowers.
How silent, dark, and lonely is it now!
So deep beneath the topmost waves, no storm
Can move those waters that enshrine it, keeping
The elements of decay at rest. Yet there
The wise have counsel'd, and the fair have
smiled:—

There generations first drew breath, and lived,—
And saw their children, and their children's sons
Grow up in peace! What myriads from that
height

Have look'd out on the sea beneath, to hail
The rising sun; or to espy the ship [sons,
Coming from distant lands, that brought their
Fathers, or husbands! That black, mournful
Was once magnificent temples, palaces, [wreck
And dwellings of the wealthy!—and they deem'd
Their city was eternal. In a moment
It ceas'd to be:—the waters cover'd it.—
Listen! and thou shalt hear how this befell.

Oh! it is beautiful to see this world
Pois'd in the crystal air,—with all its seas,
Mountains, and plains majestically rolling
Around its noiseless axis, day by day,
And year by year, and century after century;
And, as it turns, still wheeling through the im-
Of ether, circling the resplendent sun [mense
In calm and simple grandeur!

Yet a time
Hath been, in the profound of ages past,
When this fair order was disturb'd. The earth
Was then not what ye see it now; nor man,
Such as now is, existed then; nor beasts:
Nor did the globe bend towards the sun its poles
As now; but yet it held sublimely on
The same unerring path along the heavens.

Then suddenly there came a fiery star,
Wandering from out its orbit, masterless.
The dwellers of the earth, they were a race
Mightier than yours,—look'd nightly on the sky,
And their thoughts were troubled: night by night
the star

Grew brighter, larger;—waving flames shot out
That made the sky appear to shake and quiver.
Night after night it grew;—the stars were quenched
Before its burning presence;—the moon took
A paler—and a paler hue:—men climbed
Upon the mountains every eve to watch
How it arose; and sat upon the ground
All night to gaze upon it. The day then
Became the time for sleeping; and they woke
From feverish rest at evening to look out
For the terrific visitor: Night by night
It swell'd and brighten'd:—all the firmament
Was kindled when it came. The waning moon
Had died away; and when she should have come
Again into the sky men found her not. [night;
Still, still the heaven-fire grew!—there was no
But to the day succeeded a new day [then
Of strange and terrible splendour. Darkness
Became a luxury; and men would go
To caves and subterranean depths to cool [field
Their hot and dazzled eyes. The beasts of the
Were restless and uneasy, knowing not
Their hour for slumber: they went up and down
Distractedly; and, as they fed, would stop
And tremble, and look round, as if they fear'd
A lurking enemy. The things of prey, [abroad
Monsters that earth now knows not,—come
When the red night-sun had gone down; for day
With its mild light less glar'd upon their eyes
Than that fire-flashing firmament. Yet,—yet
With every coming night the terrible star
Expanded: men had now no thought but that:
All occupations were laid by:—the earth
Was left until'd:—the voyagers on the deeps
Forsook their ships, and got upon the land

To wait the unknown event. O'er all the world
Unutterable terror reign'd. Men now
By thousands, and by tens of thousands, met—
Wond'ring and prophesying. Day and night
All habitable regions sent to heaven
Wailings, and lamentations, and loud prayers.
The ethereal shapes that peopled earth, as now,
Saw with astonishment; but not with fear,
This strange disorder;—for the wreck of worlds
Injures not them. The spirits of the sun [cones
Look'd wondering down, expecting what might
For right tow'rd's earth the blazing Terror held.
Its awful course; and all the abyss of space
Resounded to the roarings of its fires.

Night after night men still look'd out:—it grew
Night after night, faster and faster still.
The crimson sky announc'd its terrible coming
Long ere it rose; and after it went down
Look'd red and fiery long. Each night it came
Later,—and linger'd later in the morn,
Till in the heavens the sun and it at once—
Eastward and westward—shone, with different
The sun, as still he shines, ineffably pure; [lights
The other of intensest burning red.
But one was still the same;—the other swell'd
Each day to a terrific bulk, and grew
Dreadfully bright, till the out-blaz'd sun
Look'd pale,—and paler,—and at last went out;
And men knew not when he arose or set.

The terrible event was then at hand:
Throughout the day the roarings of its fires
Oppress'd all ears;—and when the fury sank
Beneath the horizon, still throughout the night
They heard its threatnings; dying far away
Till midnight; then with every hour returning
Louder and louder, like advancing thunders
Riding upon the tempest.

Yet once more
It rose on earthly eyes. One-fourth the heavens
Was cover'd by its bulk. Ere it had reach'd
Its middle course, the huge ball almost fill'd
The sky's circumference;—and anon there was
No sky!—nought but that terrible world of fire
Glaring,—and roaring,—and advancing still!

Men saw not this:—th' insufferable heat
Had slain all things that lived. The grass and
First died:—the infernal forests next flurled
Burst into flames:—down to their uttermost
deeps [waves,—

The oceans boil'd,—spouting their bubbling
Rocking and wallowing higher than the hills:—
The hills themselves at last grew burning red:
And the whole earth seem'd as 'twould melt away.

Intensest expectation now held all
The ethereal natures silent. From the heights
Of space they look'd, and waited for the shock;
For in right opposite courses the two orbs
Rash'd tow'rd's each other, as two enemies haste
To meet in deadly combat. 'Twas a sight
Sublime, yet sad, to see this beautiful earth,—
Strip'd of all verdure, empty of all life:—
Glowing beneath the comet's terrible breath,
Like a huge coal of fire!

They now drew nigh:
Rapidly rolling on they came!—They struck!—
The universe felt the shock. We look'd to have
The earth shatter'd to dust, or borne away [seen
By that tremendous fire-star; but they touch'd
Obliquely,—and glanced off. The comet soon
Shot swiftly on again:—the weaker earth,—
Jarr'd from her orbit,—stood awhile,—turning
Backward upon her axis,—vibrating
Down to her very centre;—then went on
Faltering,—swinging heavily to and fro
Upon her alter'd poles.

Such was the shock,
Hills started from their roots, and flew away
Leagues through the air:—islands and deep-fix'd
Leap'd from the sea, and on the continents [rocks
Became new mountains:—continents were rent
Asunder; and the boiling seas rush'd in,
And made of them new islands:—all the waters
That round the earth rose upward, and rush'd on
Toward the new equator. Then the hills
Were overflow'd;—the highest mountain tops,

Still peeping o'er the flood, became sea rocks
And islands;—and the bed of the old deeps
Was left dry land."

This one example would stamp the poet, or we know not what poetry is; and though greatly tempted to prolong our review by examples of equal genius, we must leave the cause of the author with what we have done, convinced that the public verdict will even go beyond our most cordial applause.

The Private Journal of Capt. G. F. Lyon, of H.M.S. Hecla, during the recent Voyage of Discovery under Capt. Parry. With a Map and Plates. Svo. pp. 468. London 1824. J. Murray.

Kissing (says the old adage) goes by favour: and we find from the Preface to this volume that the favour and advice of Mr. Barrow, one of the Secretaries of the Admiralty, has enabled and induced Captain Lyon to publish the present Journal.* That he has done a thing very agreeable to the public thereby, we are the first to acknowledge;—the work is a very amusing and very interesting one; but we cannot help questioning the propriety of these preferences and powers in an under Officer of the Government. The Expeditions to explore the Polar seas are national, and paid for with public money. Mr. Barrow has great merit in his exertions for promoting them: but what right Mr. Barrow has to give one Officer his Journal that a profit may be made by it, and withhold the Journals of all the other Officers, to prevent them from being published, is a matter beyond our plain comprehension. The intelligent Secretary has as much of our respect as his literary talents and official station justify merit; but he really appears to us to be carrying this sort of traffic and favouritism with far too high a hand to be tolerated in the republic of letters. When Mr. Surgeon Fisher (a man eminent for almost every good quality, and distinguished in the celebrated voyage to the Loo-Choo Islands, as well as in every one of the Polar voyages) ventured to print his Journal of the preceding Expedition, even after it was returned to him from the Admiralty, he was (to use a common phrase) hauled over the coals for his temerity; but he went honourably through the ordeal, and his book went through four or five editions. Being thus established as a popular writer, one would have expected that his Journal of the last voyage might have found its way to the world; but no, says the Secretary to the Admiralty, no Officer shall have his Journal but such as I like to countenance:—here is yours, Captain Lyon, get Mr. Murray to give you five hundred pounds for it: yours, gentlemen, (to the rest of the Officers) shall be locked up in my official desk, till my proteges have had the sweep of the market.

* Being sent (says the author) with the other journals to the Admiralty, in obedience to Captain Parry's instructions, my friend Mr. Barrow, in returning it to me, advised me strongly to publish it, on account of the number of little anecdotes it contained relative to the habits and disposition of a people entirely separated from the rest of the world, and with whom we had for so great a length of time kept up an intimate and constant intercourse."

† This is the intent and meaning of Capt. Parry's Preface. He tells us, "On the return of the Expedition to England, the journals, charts, and drawings furnished by every individual in the course of the voyage were put into my hands, with directions to publish, under the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, an official narrative of our late proceedings. To prevent the delay being occasioned by waiting for the publication of the details relating to geography and natural history, I determined on reserving the whole of these

This sort of literary monopoly, grasped out of a public situation, seems to us, we must say, indefensible. Editorships of Travels, Reviews in the "Quarterly," and all other fair appendages of talent in office, we think the gentleman in question eminently entitled to wear, as the fair reward of his labours. But to make private emolument of what the country has bought; and at the same time to be guilty of individual injustice, is part of a system, against which, though most unwillingly, we deem it to be our bounden and honest duty to lift up our voice. Mr. Barrow is not slack in applying derogatory language, and has powerful engines of the press at his beck;—let him answer the charge, if he pleases, where he may.

Having thus cleared out (being moved thereto by sundry reasons) we now proceed, with our wonted good humour, to Captain Lyon's very entertaining work.

After following his Commander, through the course of the vessels, and through so many of our late Gazettes, we shall not need to mention either latitudes or longitudes. Suppose the Hecla and Fury, therefore, already in the midst of the ice and the Esquimaux, the crew having killed a bear, a much bigger and greater thing than a Secretary, being 1600lbs. weight, and 8 feet 7½ inches from the snout to the insertion of the tail. Captain Lyon's accounts of the natives first met with, will be found more particular than Capt. Parry's, and consequently more amusing. *Ecce signum.*

"Nothing can equal the eagerness for barter evinced by these savages, or the frenzy they exhibited to possess a nail or any other trifle. To describe the various modulations of their screams of joy or anxiety would be absolutely impossible. We, however, in the general confusion, were of opinion that the word used for barter was 'Chi bo'; for it was repeated in every key to which the human voice can be raised. 'Pille tay' was also clamorously and frequently repeated; and we had no doubt that it implied 'Give me,' all ages and sexes being most indefatigable beggars. They were, however, traders as long as they had any stock. From the men we purchased oil, weapons, and ivory; the women supplied us with skins, ornaments, little pouches, &c.; and from the children we procured small toys and models, their parents directing them in their bargains and beggings also. There was one little child, who, having no merchandise to dispose of, ran about holding up the red legs of a dovekie, in hopes that their colour might attract a customer; but meeting with no success, the poor little trader was returning disconsolate to his mother, when a button which I gave him put the poor child quite into raptures, and underwent more kissing than button ever received before.

"Both sexes eagerly sold their clothes, and some went away nearly naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. I must however say, in justice to the softer sex, that they were more correct in the choice of what parts of their clothing they would dispose of, than the men; for I do not remember to have seen a single lady part with her breeches, while the gentlemen were by no means so

for an Appendix, to form a separate volume. The following account is principally taken from my own journal; but I am indebted to the other officers, and especially to Capt. Lyon, for numerous interesting extracts, which are distinguished by inverted commas."—pp. xi. & xii.

scrupulous, and evinced no shame at appearing nearly naked."

It is supposed, from several instances, that they even offered their children in barter; but we continue the author's own well-written narrative.

"The strangers were so well pleased in our society, that they showed no wish to leave us, and, when the market had quite ceased, they began dancing and playing with our people on the ice alongside; this exercise again set many of their noses bleeding (which at their first arrival we had observed to be the case,) and discovered to us a most nasty custom, which accounted for their gory faces; and which was, that as fast as the blood ran down, they scraped it with the fingers into their mouths, appearing to consider it as a refreshment or dainty, if we might judge by the zest with which they smacked their lips at each supply. Some of the most quiet came on board the ship, and behaved very well; while others walked quietly alongside, gazing occasionally at the men, but more frequently at some quarters of Old English beef, which were hanging over the stern, and had a most attractive appearance. Some slices were cut off and thrown down to them, and these they instantly devoured with great satisfaction; but they refused to eat the biscuit which was offered at the same time. One woman in particular attracted general notice by her unwearied application for presents, and by feigning to be hurt, and crying to excite compassion; in which she no sooner succeeded, than a loud and triumphant laugh proclaimed the cheat. Of all horrible yells, this laugh was the most fiend-like I ever heard; and her countenance corresponded with her voice. She had lost all her front teeth, with the exception of the eye-teeth; her mouth was plentifully ornamented by blue tattoo-lines; and a vast profusion of black, straight, and matted hair, hung all round her head and face. At her back was an imp not more prepossessing in features than herself, and screaming itself black in the face. Although the countenances of the other young children were generally rather pretty than otherwise, yet, from their dress and manner of walking, they might, without any great stretch of the imagination, have been taken for the cubs of wild animals; particularly some who were laid for safety in the bottom of the women's boats, amongst blubber, the entrails of seals, &c. of which they were continually sucking whatever was nearest to them.

"In order to amuse our new acquaintances as much as possible, the fiddler was sent on the ice, where he instantly found a most delighted set of dancers, of whom some of the women kept pretty good time. Their only figure consisted in stamping and jumping with all their might. Our musician, who was a lively fellow, soon caught the infection, and began cutting capers also. In a short time every one on the floe, officers, men, and savages, were dancing together, and exhibited one of the most extraordinary sights I ever witnessed. One of our seamen, of a fresh, ruddy complexion, excited the admiration of all the young females, who patted his face and danced round him wherever he went. I was half inclined to suppose they fancied him a woman, although he was nearly six feet high, and stout in proportion. I am sorry to give but a bad account of the morals of our visitors, some of whom were very importunate in offering their wives in exchange

for a knife, and the women as anxiously pressing the bargain.

"The exertion of dancing so exhilarated the Eskimaux, that they had the appearance of being boisterously drunk, and played many extraordinary pranks. Amongst others, it was a favourite joke to run slyly behind the seamen, and, shouting loudly in one ear, to give them at the same time a very smart slap on the other.

"While looking on, I was sharply saluted in this manner, and, of course, was quite startled, to the great amusement of the bystanders: the joke consisting in making the person struck look astonished, which, as may be supposed, was always the result.

"Our cook, who was a most active and unwearied jumper, became so great a favourite, that every one boxed his ears so soundly, as to oblige the poor man to retire from such boisterous marks of approbation. Amongst other sports, some of the Eskimaux rather roughly, but with great good humour, challenged our people to wrestle. One man, in particular, who had thrown several of his countrymen, attacked an officer of a very strong make, but the poor savage was instantly thrown, and with no very easy fall; yet although every one was laughing at him, he bore it with exemplary good humour. The same officer afforded us much diversion, by teaching a large party of women to bow, curtsy, shake hands, turn their toes out, and perform sundry other polite accomplishments; the whole party, master and pupils, preserving the strictest gravity.

"As sailors seldom fail to select some whimsical object on whom to pass their jokes, they soon found one in the person of an ugly old man, possessing a great stock of impudence, and a most comic countenance. He had sold all his clothes, with the exception of his breeches, and in this state they made him parade the decks, honoured by the appellation of king. Some rum was offered to this exalted personage, but he spat it out again with signs of great disgust. In order to show him that it might be drank, one of the seamen was told to finish the glass, but he refused to touch it "after such a brute." The boatswain, however, with much humour and a knowing look, stepped forward, saying, "Here, hand me the glass, I'll drink with the gentleman," and nodding a health, which was returned by our king, he drank off the grog.

"Sugar was offered to many of the grown people, who disliked it very much, and to our surprise, the young children were equally averse to it.

"Towards midnight all our men, except the watch on deck, turned in to their beds, and the fatigued and hungry Eskimaux returned to their boats to take their supper, which consisted of lumps of raw flesh and blubber of seals, birds, entrails, &c.; licking their fingers with great zest, and with knives or fingers scraping the blood and grease which ran down their chins into their mouths.

"I walked quietly round to look at the different groupes, and in one of the women's boats I observed a young girl, whom we had generally allowed to be the belle of the party, busily employed in tearing a slice from the belly of a seal, and biting it into small pieces for distribution to those around her. I also remarked that the two sexes took their meal apart, the men on the ice, the women sitting in their boats. At midnight they all left us, so exhausted by their day's exertions, that

they were quite unable either to scream or laugh. The men paddled slowly away, and the women rowed off with half their party asleep. A few went only to a piece of floating ice astern, where they lay down for the night, while the others made their way to the shore, which was about eight miles distant."

This is very agreeably told, and indeed the whole style of the Journal displays the same unsophisticated and descriptive talent.

"We beat up along shore between Cape Dorset and Salisbury, and Nottingham Islands, during the morning of the 1st of August, which was mild and fine; and in the course of the day received another visit from the Eskimaux, who came off in four men's boats and one oomiack. They had little to sell, but we derived much amusement from the more than usually grotesque crew of the latter, which, in this instance, was commanded in chief by an old and fat woman, although two stout boys were with her. This female coxswain carried a small child at her back, in whose features we fancied it possible to trace some resemblance to European infants, although its colour, natural or artificial, was many shades darker. There were several other young children in this boat, very pretty little savages, with fine dark eyes, and white teeth; but although their countenances were lively and intelligent, there was a kind of wildness in their looks, not a little heightened by the profusion of "elf locks" which hung over their necks and faces. One poor infant, notwithstanding the tumult caused by the elder people, lay quietly asleep in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in a skin, and having both legs jammed into a boot. Its mouth was filled with a large piece of blubber, which kept the jaws distended, and probably caused the child to fancy itself still at the breast, for it moved its lips as infants do when they dream. I had forgotten this quiet little personage for some time, but on looking again, found it still in a sound sleep, in defiance of the numberless thumps and kicks it received from the women as they danced and scrambled about the boat. It lay so torpidly, that one of our people thought it was dead, which induced him to go into the boat and set the little sleeper upright. The child no sooner opened its eyes, than creeping into a corner of the boat for security, it occasionally peeped out with the same gravity as a young owl when exposed to a strong glare of light. On observing the cork which had filled the babe's mouth, I found it was not that of a seal, and soon discovered a large piece of fresh whale's blubber, with the skin on, lying in the stern of the boat."

Our limits compel us to break off here—but we shall return with pleasure to Captain Lyon next week.

TENNANT.

PASSING by a Rhenish legend of Falkenstein Castle, which we reserve for a future occasion, we must conclude our notice of Mr. Tennant's work by adding an Appendix of some love-letters, asserted and appearing to be the authentic correspondence of Buonaparte to Josephine, during his Italian campaigns, about 1796-7. We give the first in French as an example of his mode of writing that language, the rest as translated.

"7 heure du Matin.

"je me reveille plein de toi ton portrait et le souvenir de l'anivante soirée d'hiers n'ont point laissé de repos à mes sens douce et in-

comparable Josephine quelle effet byzare faite vous sur mon cœur—vous fachez vous? vous vous-je triste? est-ce vous inquiète? mon ame est brisée de douleur et il n'est point de repos pour votre ami - - - mais en est il donc d'avantage pour moi lorsque nous livrant au sentiment profond qui me maitrise je pulse sur vos lèvres sur votre cœur une flamme qui me brûle—ah c'est cette nuit que je me suis bien aperçu que votre portrait n'est pas vous—tu pars a midi je te verai dans 3 heures en attendant *mon doux amour* recois un millier de baisés mais ne m'en donne pas car il brule mon sang.

N. B."

No. II.

"Port Maurice, the 14th Germinal.

"I have received all your letters: but not one of them has affected me so much as your last—do you think, my adorable love, of writing to me in such terms? Do you imagine, then, that my situation is not already cruel enough without an increase of my sorrows and an overthrow of my soul? What a style! What sentiments do you describe—they are of fire—they burn my poor heart. My only Josephine;—far from thee there is no joy—far from thee the world is a desert, where I remain an isolated being, without enjoying the sweets of confidence. You have deprived me of more than my soul;—you are the only thought of my life. If I am tired of the troubles of business, if I dread the result, if mankind disgust me, if I am ready to curse this life, I place my hand upon my heart,—there thy portrait beats.—I look at it, and love becomes to me absolute happiness; all is smiling save the time when I am separated from my beloved.

"By what art is it that you have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you,—I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign? Ah! my adorable wife, I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you it will be insupportable,—my courage will not go so far. There was a time when I was proud of my courage, and sometimes, when contemplating on the ills that man could do me, on the fate which destiny could reserve for me, I fixed my eyes steadfastly on the most unheard-of misfortunes without a frown, without alarm; but now the idea that my Josephine may be unwell, the idea that she may be ill, and above all the cruel, the fatal thought that she may love me less, withers my soul, stops my blood, renders me sad, cast down, and leaves me not even the courage of fury and despair. Formerly I used often to say to myself, men

* Thus translated—"I awake thinking only of you: Your portrait and the recollection of the intoxicating evening of yesterday have deprived my senses of rest. Sweet and incomparable Josephine, what a singular impression do you make upon my heart! Are you angry? Are you sad? Are you uneasy? My soul is broken with grief, and there is no more comfort for your friend;—but is there more for me when, giving myself up to the deep feeling which overcomes me, I pour out upon your lips, upon your heart, a flame which consumes me? Ah! it was last night that I discovered that your portrait was not you."

"You set off at noon—I shall see you in three hours. In the mean while, my sweet love, receive a thousand kisses, but do not give me any, for they consume my blood."

"To Madame Bonuharnois.

"N. B."

could not hurt him who could die without regret; but, now, to die without being loved by thee, to die without that certainty is the torment of hell; it is the lively and striking image of absolute annihilation—I feel as if I were stifled. My incomparable companion, thou whom fate has destined to make along with me the painful journey of life, the day on which I shall cease to possess thy heart will be the day on which parched nature will be to me without warmth or vegetation.

"I stop, my sweet love, my soul is sad; my body is fatigued; my head is giddy: men disgust me; I ought to hate them,—they separate me from my beloved.

"I am at Port Maurice near Oneille; tomorrow I shall be at Albenga; the two armies are in motion—We are endeavouring to deceive each other—Victory to the most skillful! I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu—If he alarm me much he is a better man than his predecessor. I shall beat him I hope in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, than your thought, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me,—I am sinking; nature is weak for him who feels strongly, for him whom you love!

N. B.

"Sincere regards to Barras, Sussi, Madame Tallien—Compliments to Madame Chateau Renard; best love to Eugene and Hortense.

"Adieu, adieu, I am going to bed without thee; I shall sleep without thee—pray let me sleep. Many times have I held thee in my arms,—happy dream! but,—but it is not thee.

"To Citoyenne Bonaparte."

No. III.

"Albenga, the 16 Germinal.
"It is one hour after midnight—they have brought me a letter—it is sad—my soul is affected by it—it is the death of Chauvet. He was Commissaire Ordinateur in chief of the army—you have seen him sometimes at Barras'. My love, I feel the want of consolation—that is to be obtained by writing to you, to you alone, the thought of whom can so much influence the moral state of my thoughts, on whom I must pour out my troubles. What is the future? What is the past? What are we? What magic fluid is it that surrounds us, and hides from us those things which it concerns us most to know? We are born, we live, we die, in the midst of the wonderful! Is it astonishing that priests, astrologers, charlatans, should have profited by this inclination, by this singular circumstance, to lead our ideas, and to direct them according to their passions? Chauvet is dead! He was attached to me. He has rendered essential services to his country. His last words were that he was setting off to join me.—But yes, I see his shade—it wanders around me every where—it whistles in the air—his soul is in the clouds—he will be propitious to my destiny! But insensible, I shed tears to friendship, and who shall tell me that I have not already to weep an irreparable loss? Soul of my existence, write to me by every courier, otherwise I cannot live. I am here very much occupied. Beaulieu moves his army. We are in sight. I am a little fatigued. I am every day on horseback. Adieu, adieu, adieu—I am going to sleep to thee. Sleep consoles me—it places me at thy side—I press thee in my arms.—But, alas! on waking, I find myself three hundred leagues from thee. Say every thing to Barras, to Tallien and his wife.

"N. B."

"To Citoyenne Bonaparte, &c."

No. VI.

"Head Quarters, Tortona, Noon, 27 Prairial, 4th year of the French Republic.

"To Josephine,—My life is a perpetual night-mare. A fatal foreboding hinders me from breathing. I no longer live. I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than repose. I am almost without hope. I send you a courier—He will remain only four hours at Paris, and will then bring me your answer. Write me ten pages; that alone will console me a little. You are ill;—you love me;—I have made you unhappy. You are with child, and I do not see you! This idea confounds me. I have committed so many faults towards you, that I know not how to expiate them. I accuse you of having remained in Paris, and you are there ill. Forgive me, my darling; the love with which you have inspired me has taken away my reason:—I shall never recover it; one never cures of that complaint. My forebodings are so sad, that I would limit myself to seeing you, to pressing you for two hours to my heart, to dying together! Who takes care of you? I suppose you have sent for Hortense. I love that sweet child a thousand times more since I think that she can afford you some little consolation. As for me, there is no consolation, no repose, no hope, until I have received the courier that I send you, and until you explain to me by a long letter what your illness is, and to what extent it is serious. If it be dangerous, I warn you, I set off instantly for Paris. My arrival will be a match for your illness. I have always been fortunate. Never has my fortune resisted my will, and to-day I am struck where alone I was vulnerable. Josephine, how can you remain so long without writing to me? Your last laconic letter is of the 3d of the month. It is also afflicting for me. I have it, however, always in my pocket. Your portrait and your letters are incessantly before my eyes. I am nothing without you. I can hardly imagine how I existed without knowing you. Ah! Josephine, if you had known my heart you would not have waited from the 29th to the 16th to set off. Is it possible that you should have listened to false friends, who wished, perhaps, to keep you far from me? I own to all the world,—I have an antipathy to every body who is near you. I calculated your departure on the 5th, and your arrival at Milan on the 15th.

"Josephine, if you love me, if you believe that every thing depends upon your preservation, take care of yourself. I dare not tell you not to undertake so long a journey and in the hot weather;—at least, if you are in a situation to travel, go short days' journeys. Write to me at every sleeping place, and send me your letters in advance.

"All my thoughts are concentrated in thy alcove, in thy bed, in thy heart.—Thy illness! that is what occupies me night and day—with out appetite, without sleep, without interest for friendship, for glory, for country, thou, thou and the rest of the world exist no more for me than if it were annihilated. I prize honour, because you prize it; victory, because it gives you pleasure, without which I should have quitted all to throw myself at your feet.

"Sometimes I say to myself that I am alarmed without reason,—already is she recovered,—she is setting off,—she has set off,—she is already, perhaps, at Lyons. Vain imagination! you are in your bed suffering; more beautiful, more interesting, more adorable. You are pale, and your eyes are more

languishing—but when will you be well? If one of us must be ill, should it not be I? More robust and more courageous, I could have borne sickness more easily.—Destiny is cruel. She strikes me through you.

"What sometimes consoles me is, that it is in the power of fate to make you ill, but that no power can oblige me to survive you.

"In your letter, my good love, take care to tell me that you are convinced that I love you, that I love you beyond what it is possible to imagine, that you are persuaded that every moment of my life is consecrated to you; that an hour never passes without my thinking of you; that the idea of thinking of any other woman has never entered my head; that they are all to my eyes without grace, without beauty, without wit; that you, you—nothing but you, such as I see you, such as you are, could please me and absorb all the faculties of my mind; that you have affected it all over; that my heart has no recess that you do not see; no thoughts of which you are not the mistress; that my strength, my arms, my soul are altogether yours; that my soul is in your body, and that the day on which you change or cease to live, will be that of my death; that nature, the earth, is beautiful to my eyes only because you inhabit it.—If you do not believe all that, if your mind is not convinced of it, penetrated, you grieve me, you love me not. There is a magnetic fluid between the persons who love each other. You know very well that I could never bear to let you have a lover, much less to offer you one. To tear his heart and to see him would be to me the same thing; and then, if I should dare to lay my hand upon your hallowed person—no, I should never dare to do it, but I would quit a life where that which is most virtuous should have deceived me.

"But I am sure and proud of thy love. Misfortunes are the trials which expose all the violence of our mutual passion. A child, adorable as its mamma, is about to see day, and may pass many happy years in thy arms. Unhappy! I would be contented with a day. A thousand kisses upon thy eyes, upon thy lips, upon thy heart—Adorable woman! what is thy ascendancy! I am very ill of thy illness. I have, besides, a burning fever. Do not keep Le Simple more than six hours. Let him return directly to bring the cherished letter of my Queen.

"Do you remember the dream in which I was your shoes, your clothes, and I fancied that you entered quite into my heart? Why did not nature arrange in that way? There are many things to do.

N. B."

"To Citoyenne Bonaparte, &c."

These are the best: passionate and loving in reality. The others are more French than would suit an English taste; either of man or woman; but the whole bespeak the ardour of the celebrated writer; and prove that, in spite of all whispers and scandals, he could love and did love as a noble spirit ought.

CAPT. SEELY'S NARRATIVE.

HAVING noticed the leading feature of Captain Seely's work, we shall leave his volume to expound the marvels of Elora more at large, for those who are particularly interested in such researches; and add a sample of his more general descriptions of India. The funeral of a Hakim affords a good example:

"As the forms observed at the burial of 'one of the Faithful' may not be irrelevant, the following is an account of the ceremony. The body was brought out of the apartment

on a bier, and placed in front of a mosque. An attendant mourner then placed his own hands in two small bags, and commenced washing the head, hands, and particularly the fingers of the deceased. During this ceremony a party were waving fans over the body, to prevent flies or insects from fixing on it. The custom of washing being over, the nostrils were now cleansed, and a little roll of cotton put in each. The body was now stripped completely naked, excepting a small piece of muslin over the middle; then carefully washed, and dried with a fine cloth, and rubbed with powder and sandal-wood, camphor and myrrh, some of which had been burning in little brazen vessels at the head and feet of the corpse. The two great toes were tied together by two narrow slips of muslin, and the body was then stretched out. This being done, a large fine piece of muslin, prepared for the occasion, was put into the hand of Shah Saifi, who, having repeated a few sentences from the Koran, both in Arabic, Persian, and Hindoostanee, gave it to an attendant, who made slits in it for the head and hands of the deceased to be passed through. This being done, the covering fitted close to the neck: the hands were brought through the holes and laid out along the side. The body was now completely covered. At the foot part two holes were made for the toes to be inserted, which kept it fast. A few sentences and solemn dirges were now chanted; when a number of persons, throwing off their shoes, requested they might convey the body to the grave. Their desire being complied with, the procession moved on, accompanied by a vast number of spectators, who all saluted it with some pious exclamation or other, every one appearing anxious to bear a part in carrying the body. Near the burying-ground was raised a terrace, having a wall on one side facing towards Mecca. At this Yeedgah, or place of mourning, the relatives and friends visit daily, to offer up prayers for the deceased.

"No women were to be seen on the occasion; the very reverse of what takes place at the burning of a Hindoo corpse, where the females, sometimes hired for the purpose, make a most outrageous noise, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and showing other frantic signs of grief. Well may the widow mourn; for, being often young, beautiful, and rich, it is hard that she cannot console herself with a second spouse, as our European dames are wont to do, who, having wealth at command, can pick and choose amongst adoring swains. If they have been unhappily betrothed or ill-treated, the demise of their lord is a blessing. Not so to the Hindoo female, who, however rich or beautiful, must content herself with the high honour of being burned alive, or living in the most rigid celibacy! - - -

"The evening of the second day of my arrival at Aurrangabad was spent in the company of my friend and some respectable natives, and we were gratified at night with the exhibition of good fire-works. I shall merely observe, *en passant*, that the natives excel us in the manufacture of these articles, and in the mode of displaying them. I have seen representations at Baroda, at Arcot, and at Benares, of sieges, battles, and fleets engaging on real pieces of water, that were truly beautiful and astonishing: the blowing up of mines, explosion of magazines, tumbling down of walls and masts, and the sinking of ships, were superior to any thing of the kind

I ever saw in England, and upon a much larger scale of display than our best exhibitions are. Besides fire-works we had some skillful jugglers; but as their feats are known in England, I shall say nothing on the subject, further than that these men in different parts of India vary in their performances. One trick practised upon myself was new to me. A man gave me a small roll of cloth, about seven inches long, and told me to hold it in my hands; he then went off a little distance, returned, muttered some gibberish, looked at my hand to see if it was closed, gave it a squeeze, and told me to open it; when lo! in my hand was a small live snake: this I dropped with the same instinct that a child would a hot coal. - - -

"The vulture and kite are natural enemies to the snake, and of which they are well aware, for in moving about they keep close to banks or in thick grass; but the peacock is very useful in gardens in destroying the small kind of snakes, which they do with great skill and success, and to my certain knowledge are kept in some gentlemen's grounds for the express purpose. Nor is the stately adjutant (a species of large crane upwards of three feet in height,) that with as much pride as a new made sergeant struts about the pavement of Fort-William, a less deadly foe to the serpent, nor is he very choice whether the snake is large or small. His capacious stomach and powers of digestion are such, that he stands in no danger of being incommoded or disordered by swallowing any thing. I pledge my honour that I have seen one of these birds, in front of the window of my quarters in Fort-William, (at the time I was at the college of Calcutta for the purpose of acquiring the Persian language) standing upon the pavement watching for something to be thrown to him, and who actually swallowed two large ribs of beef: one rib perfect and whole was thrown to the bird, which he caught and swallowed *instantly*; and then the remaining one, with nearly two pounds of meat attached to the bone, was thrown, which he pecked at a little and likewise swallowed. He then drew one of his legs up under him, stood on the other, and took a comfortable nap for at least an hour.

"The other instance relating to snakes or reptiles will not take up much space. We have all heard of the faded glories of Hockley-in-the-hole, prize-fights, and dog-fights; but what I am about to relate may be new to the *Fancy*, or those who have not the honour of belonging to that distinguished body,—a scorpion fight. Now, as the venerable Mrs. Glass would say in her excellent book on cooking, (a work far preferable to my Lord Blaney's *unpractical* ideas :) Take two large blue scorpions, put them under a good large-sized glass tumbler, leave a little vent at the bottom for the admission of air, and blow in the smoke of tobacco (vulgo, *funking*) at the same aperture. The scorpions will commence running round the glass as fast as their legs can carry them; but, when in their circumnutations, they overtake or meet each other, then comes the 'tug of war,' and a deadly battle ensues. Let the smoke then escape, and they will fight like very devils till one or other dies, and your bet is won or lost according to which you may have backed, light blue or dark blue. Now, as from the dishonesty and trickery lately shown in some prize-fights (*crosses*), and the impossibility of bribing a scorpion to lose a battle, let me recommend this amusement to the noble and

gentle of the land. It has novelty to recommend it, and there is honesty in the proceeding, which is not the case with three pugilistic contests out of five.

"I do not think that these digressions become an Antiquarian of my deep research; but, however, I will console myself with the observation—I forget whose—"The mind must be sometimes diverted, that it may return the better to thinking;" and I promise you, gentle reader, and indulgent critic, we have to wade through a dissertation on the conversion of the Hindoos, some notices of the Mahratta chief Sevajee, and of those terrible fellows the Bheels, who are such expert and daring thieves, that they will almost take a tooth out of your head whilst you are asleep without disturbing you!"

These accounts are indeed very curious; but the Bheels, like the Caves, would be too much for our pages, and we must relinquish the task of showing them up, as the author would say. We must however add yet another specimen—

"Of all the adventures we met with during our long stay in Guzerat, it were needless here to speak. We had a good deal of service to perform, saw much of new and interesting countries, and particularly of a singular people, the *Kattees*, called by the ancients *Katheri*. These men had few prejudices, little or no religion, were always on horseback, and never happy but when fighting; they wore steel armour, similarly made to the meshes of a close net, and never plundered travellers. They lived in distinct communities, each under his chief. One of these, Niga-Katheri, who used to go out a hog-hunting, had thirteen sabre wounds in his body and head. They used to decide their quarrels in single combat, and would sometimes come in and ask permission to fight. They were remarkably well made, with very strongly-marked countenances, and aquiline noses. A hundred of these could at any time put to rout five hundred of the *Guickvar*'s troops. Had they remained united, they might have defied his power; but they were always fighting or making foray on each other. Unlike the Hindoos, they do not wear sectarian marks: they wear immense turbans, but of no particular form, as with the Hindoos. These were sometimes quilted and well stuffed with cotton, as were their fighting jackets, to turn the edge of a sabre. The sleeves of their coats, when drawn down over the hand, would reach for two or three yards, but which were always rolled up on the arm. As lancers they were very expert, which is not very common in India. I make these few remarks to excite inquiry about a people, distinct in many essential particulars from the Hindoos; about whom we know nothing, but who are a daring, active, and friendly people."

With this extract we once more commend Captain Seely to the public. We could animadvert on bad style and repetitions—but the task would be invidious, and there is much valuable information in his work.

An Account of a Case of Recovery after the Shaft of a Chaise had been forced through the Thorax, &c. With five Copperplate Engravings. By W. Maiden, Surgeon, Stratford, Essex.

In an early number of our *Gazette* we noticed the first publication of this very remarkable case. It is gratifying to us to observe that

this second edition, containing, besides the history of the case, an account of appearances after death,—so completely verifies the view which we then took of the nature of the injury—though at that time the passage of a shaft of a chaise through the cavity of the chest without immediate death was generally considered to be improbable, and by some leading members of the profession (Mr. H. Blizard and others) impossible. We shall briefly recapitulate the facts, as from the distance of time they may have been forgotten. A person of the name of Tipple took off the bridle before unharnessing his horse; in consequence of which, the animal plunged forward and forced the shaft of the *off side* through his chest from right to left, just under the arms; the point of the shaft was then further forced through the outer and inner boardings of the chaise-house, a space of five inches and a half. The man remained thus transfixed, and in some degree suspended, until three farriers, who happened to be passing, heard his cries, and came to his assistance. They soon extricated him, himself placing his hand on the end of the shaft by which he was impaled, to draw his body off: he then walked up two pairs of stairs to bed. Under the bold and judicious treatment of his medical attendant, Mr. Maiden, assisted by Sir W. Blizard, he recovered: in 12 days he was considered free from danger, and in nine weeks the wounds were healed. Notwithstanding his irregular habits (and his name!) he enjoyed for five years as good health as previously; after that period his mode of life induced repeated attacks of disease in the chest, and under one of these he recently died, ten years after the accident.

One great moral from this case is, that under the most desperate circumstances life must not be despaired of. Had Mr. Tipple's attendants allowed their conviction of his hopeless state, to influence their practice, he would not, in all probability, have survived. It appears to have been by pushing the depleting plan to the greatest extent consistent with life that the spark was preserved. On the other hand, we have here an instance of success without that *nimio cura medici*! that love of probing, which was formerly considered requisite, and which, doubtless, often led to fatal results.

The plates are executed by Basire—they are in the first style of anatomical engraving. This appears to be the reason why the price of the pamphlet is so much greater than is usual, or perhaps proper for a single case. We have merely to add, that dissection has proved the whole case of the perforation, and the fractured bones on each side show the extent of this most extraordinary rupture of the human frame.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GARDENING REPORT AND KALENDAR FOR MAY.

THE weather, during the last fortnight of March and the greater part of April, has been very unfavourable for horticultural productions, and for newly-planted trees of every description. Grafting in the nurseries has been rendered less certain by it, and much early blossom has been destroyed every where. Even standard pears and plums have suffered. The last fortnight has been more favourable; but the mischief already done no weather can undo. Trees may now grow, however, and prepare blossom buds for next season. What the nurseryman loses by the failure of grafts, he must try to make up by summer

budding. Some fine magnolias are still in flower, and the auricula and anemone are in perfection in the last week of April.

The operations for May in the kitchen-garden are chiefly of a routine nature: the main crops of most articles, excepting kidney-beans, and perhaps potatoes, were or should have been committed to the soil during the two last months; and only successional supplies are sown during this month and that which succeeds. Watering newly-planted trees, and all crops intended to be well grown, should commence the first week of this month, and go on regularly. Unless watering is persevered in with regularity, it had much better be omitted altogether. The operation may be rendered much less laborious by mulching; more effectual on standard trees by watering over the top with a syringe in the evenings after sunset; and water may act in the double capacity of food and drink if it is charged with soluble manure, as urine, extract of any of the vegetable or animal manures, blood, &c.; and sometimes, as a whet to the plants, a little salt may be added.

The planting of evergreens has been retarded by the bad weather of April, but it may go on during the whole of the month; planting the hardiest and most advanced sorts first, as the holly, yew, box, juniper, and other British species; and next the exotics, as red cedar, arbutus, rhododendron, &c. *Plant by fixing with water*, as described last month, and water regularly afterwards, mulching in all cases, and staking where it is required.

Pines blossom during this month, and should have ample supplies of water over the top as well as at the root, and a good temperature should be kept up, especially in the day time. There is at this moment a very fine display of pines in blossom in the Royal Forcing Garden at Kensington, under the management of Mr. Plimley, a pupil, we believe, of Baldwin, and equally successful as his master. Formerly the pines at this place were wretchedly managed; for, as Mr. Aiton holds many places, and cannot of course be much at any of them, every thing depends on the sort of men he may happen to have under him. When one thinks of Mr. Aiton's monopoly of situations, of the miserable wages which the men under him receive, (less by three or four shillings a week than what is paid common labourers,) and of other things connected with the Royal Gardens—sensations and emotions arise which Mary Anne Schimmelpennink would class under the head of *deformity*. But enough at present—*plus ultra*.

One of the best products of this month from the open garden, is asparagus, which may well be termed both food and medicine. In France it is universally resorted to for urinary complaints, and even for bile and gout. Tailors, shoemakers, artists, authors, and all sedentary people, eat it in immense quantities. By the way, it must have been cut much shorter formerly than now. Combes (as translated by Worlidge) says, "Wash it in spring water, boil it well, and eat it with fried butter or gravy."

In the flower-garden and shrubbery, tulips, peonies, ranunculuses, snowdrop-trees, magnolias, azaleas, kalmias, andromedas, lilacs, guelder-roses, honeysuckles, and many other plants, make a fine show during this month.

In the greenhouse and conservatory, ericas and geraniums begin to flower freely; and also the ixias and gladioli tribes, with a variety of others.

LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday, the Annual General Meeting of the Royal Society of Literature took place at its Chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The President, the Bishop of St. David's, took the Chair at 12 o'clock, and shortly addressed the Meeting in a speech, in which he alluded not only to the progress of the Society since its establishment, but to various interesting literary and scientific topics, likely to be advanced by its means. The Secretary then read a Report of the proceedings of the Council during the past year; embracing the election of the ten Associates on the Royal Foundation, the enactment of Bye-laws (now sanctioned by the General Meeting), and a synopsis of the papers which had been read at the ordinary Meetings.*

The ensuing proceedings were rendered peculiarly interesting by the presence of many of the parties to whom the Council had adjudged honours and acknowledgments of literary eminence.

Mr. Mitford, the venerable historian of Greece, was presented by the President with one of the beautiful gold medals of the value of fifty guineas,† which His Majesty's bounty has enabled the Society to give annually; and returned thanks in an appropriate speech.

Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Malins, Sir W. Onslow, the Rev. Mr. Todd, and Mr. Sharon Turner, five of the ten Royal Associates, were then personally introduced and presented with their diplomas, and a cheque for the King's annual allowance of one hundred guineas each: each expressing their sense of the distinction in a becoming manner.

Of the Honorary Associates, Mr. Duppa, Mr. Fosbrooke, Professor Lee, and Dr. Rees, were also present, and severally congratulated by the President.

Sir John Malcolm, Sir George Staunton, and Mr. C. Wilkins, Honorary Members, were next presented, and informed of the mark of respect conferred upon them.

The Meeting afterwards proceeded to ballot for the Officers and Council, for the ensuing year; when the Scrutineers attested the following return to have been unanimously made.

President.—The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of St. David's. *Vice-Presidents*.—His Grace the Duke of Newcastle; the Most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne; the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Chester; the Right Hon. Lord Agnew; the Right Hon. Charles Yorke; the Hon. G. Agar Ellis; Sir James Mackintosh; the Venerable Archdeacon Nares.

The Treasurer.—Archibald Elphinstone, Esq. *Librarian*.—The Rev. Henry Harvey Baber. *Secretary*.—The Rev. Richard Luttermole. *Council*.—The Right Hon. Viscount Morpeth; the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long, Bart.; The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.; Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart.; Robert Bradstreet, Esq.; Taylor Combe, Esq.; James Cumming, Esq.; William Empson, Esq.; Prince Hoare, Esq.; William Jerdan, Esq.; William Martin Leake, Esq.; the Rev. George Richards, D.D.; William Roberts, Esq.; William Lorraine Rogers, Esq.; the Rev. Charles Richard Sumner; William Tooke, Esq.

Other routine business having been gone through,

The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the thanks of the Society to the learned and excellent President, whose devotion to its interests, in every way, he justly and warmly pointed out as having greatly contributed to its prosperity and entitled him to this vote. The Hon. G. Agar Ellis seconded the motion; and the Treasurer, Mr. A. E. Impey, shortly

* Of these, our attendance has enabled us to render an account, as they were produced, in the Lit. Gazette. † The other was assigned to Mr. Angelo Mai.

addressed the Meeting, claiming for the Council, under His Lordship's presidency, the credit of having fulfilled the pledge given at the last Anniversary, to act with the strictest impartiality, and have no consideration whatever for aught but literary merit.

The Bishop of St. David's returned thanks, and the Meeting concluded.

OXFORD, May 1.—On Wednesday last, the first day of Easter Term, the following Degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Civil Law.—The Rev. E. H. Dawkins, Fellow of All Souls' College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. W. Buller, Fellow of All Souls' College.

Masters of Arts.—W. Swete, Esq. Oriel Coll. grand compounder; Rev. F. Wilkinson, Magdalen Hall; J. Maynard, Exeter Coll.; Rev. J. Holding, St. John's Coll.; Rev. J. S. Wagstaffe, Rev. J. Cowder, Lincoln College; Rev. T. V. Dorell, Rev. C. Lacy, Christ Ch. *Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Wakefield, St. Edmund Hall; R. C. H. Tuckfield, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 30.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Hon. R. Stopford, of Trinity Coll. son of the Earl of Courtown; E. C. Smith, Esq. St. Peter's Coll.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. Ollivant, Fellow of Trin. Coll.; T. Tylecote, Fellow of St. John's Coll.; Rev. S. Fennell, Fellow of Queen's Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Hopkinson, F. S. Flood, Trin. Coll. compounders; H. Lewin, H. Bateman, H. W. Bucke, F. Patterson, R. C. Mellich, Trin. Coll.; R. H. Fielding, F. Holmes, P. J. Chabot, C. C. Wheat, C. T. Clarke, J. M'Call, St. John's Coll.; H. West, S. Palmer, St. Peter's Coll.; F. H. Wollaston, Pembroke Hall; J. Buck, J. Glencross, H. Courtney, Queen's Coll.; E. H. Cozens, H. T. Walford, J. C. Brooke, Catharine Hall; H. C. Brice, H. Butterfield, W. Spencer, Christ Coll.; W. C. Freeland, Sidney Coll.; R. T. Adnutt, H. Woodington, Emmanuel Coll.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

OUR brief notice from the private view was much the same as a bill of fare compared to the solids meant to follow its details. Neither can we pledge ourselves to do justice to, or furnish out, much more than general remarks; and we must still observe, that the art of painting for Exhibitions continues to occupy more of the Artists' attention than the truth of fair imitation warrants. Pictures are pitted against each other like champions in a ring; the emulation to overcome by violence or stratagem, is nearly the same with both kinds of combats; and we regret to say that the injury done to sterling merit, and the prevention of improvement in modern Art, are in consequence of this practice sufficiently obvious. There is, however, enough of real talent to redeem the character of Painting, even in the present day, from that meretricious style which has crept in and threatens to sap the foundations of whatever is excellent as regards correctness of form, grace, and composition.

No. 107. Portrait of a young Lady in the Florentine Costume of 1500. *H. Howard, R.A.*—There wants nothing to this picture but to have been produced as painted at the period assumed, to make it equally the wonder of the amateur with the Chapeau Paille. There would have been but this difference, that it would have needed no exercise of the imagination or effort of the fancy to discover its hidden beauties. Pictures of this sort are best calculated to remove (if any modern performance can remove) the prejudice in favour of ancient Art, by showing the powers of living talents; neither are these powers exclusive or confined.

99. Portraits of the Children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq. *Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.*—

There must be in art, as in writing, the *con amore*, the inspired hour; and in this light we are inclined to consider the present performance to have been accomplished. It is a focus of talent and a gem of art. Powerful and glittering as it is in execution, the playful and beautiful sentiment that shines through all is its greatest charm. The Portrait of Mrs. Harford (No. 119) is full of expression, and inferior to none of the President's works, which, together with the Likeness of Sir W. Curtis, (No. 291,) show the powers of Sir T. Lawrence, and are among the most attractive features of the Exhibition.

88. Portrait of a Lady. *Sir W. Beechey, R.A.*—We have said that Sir W. Beechey continued to sustain the character which his former works acquired. In the Portrait under review he has exercised his rare and beautiful talent of colouring on a subject that well deserves such skill, for it is the union of grace and beauty that tasks the Artist to his utmost ability.

124. Portrait of T. Lowndes, Esq. by the same Artist, will also bear us out in our first remarks, as it brings to our recollection his admirable portraits of Trotter, Watt, and Bolton; as well as those where his taste and fancy were displayed in female portraiture, of Lady Burrell, as Hebe, Lady Bathurst, as Admiration, &c. &c.

126. The Oriental Love-letter. *H. W. Pickersgill, A.*—There is a rare union of sentiment with the other high qualities of Art in this beautiful picture: it is, as we have said, the poetry of painting, a style which demands no ordinary genius. The lines quoted do not convey any thing like the feeling which the subject suggests. Quiet and composed, it steals upon the imagination, and penetrates where more exaggerated action would fail. Mr. Pickersgill's Portraits too well claim to be ranked in the foremost class of that department.

122. The Favourite Child. *M. W. Sharp.*—We have done justice to the talents of Mr. Mulready in his very clever picture of The Widow; and we wish equal justice had been done to those of Mr. Sharp, in placing his performance where it could be seen. But in this respect the hangmen have used it so scurvily, that we did not see it on our first visit. The lady is a portrait of Miss Chester; whose Boy it is that is doing all the mischief we cannot tell.

58. The Triumph of Rubens; a Sketch: the idea taken from Northcote's Dream of a Painter. *F. P. Stephanof.*—This capital picture is also hung so low as to escape observation; yet, as was said some years ago of a picture by Mr. Stothard, which he called Victory, that it was a Victory, we may with great truth say of this, that it is a Triumph.

52. Bargaining for China. *C. Cranmer.*—Though low in its tone, is another of those pieces well deserving of a higher situation.

Note.—We must defer for a week the resumption of our remarks on the Water-colours Exhibition; unquestionably one of the most pleasing and attractive sights in London.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE have already intimated our opinion of these Rooms, that, with the drawback of too many doors, they are better calculated for their object than any other place of public exhibition; and that each of the several apartments contain a sufficient portion of talent to merit the attention and encouragement of a discerning public, though the *ensemble* is far

from being prepossessing. Of the room set apart for the show of Engravings, which we have not yet specifically noticed, too much cannot be said either in praise of the subjects it contains, or the arrangement of the examples in that department of Art. Still we could have wished for more of the same character with the "Duke of Wellington and his Staff," and the "Oration Day, Christ's Hospital," as subjects of national record and interest. But these are heavy undertakings for individuals, and cannot be expected to form an equal portion with our more familiar subjects. Upon the whole, however, we observe much to recommend to those encouragers of the Fine Arts who can afford it, to set apart a room in their splendid mansions for a similar display.

We do not, upon a more careful view of this Gallery, think it necessary to follow up the detail we gave of some of the leading performances; but such of our readers as visit it will find, among others, the following well worthy of attention:

No. 38. Flowers. *J. Barney, Sen.*—Excellent in composition and detail, little inferior in execution to the most admired Masters of the Flemish School in flower painting.

41. Antwerp. *C. Stanfield.*—A very clever example of such picturesque subjects.

55. Portrait of George Scott, Esq. *Mrs. Pearson.*—We heartily congratulate this lady upon a very successful example of colouring; and certainly predicate, from the specimen, that her talent in portrait will be equally conspicuous with her excellent copies of the most celebrated ancient landscape-painters.

72. Battersea Fields, with Cattle. *Nambyth.*—Alike skilful, and much the same in feature with the rest of his performances.

225. Christ feeding the Multitude. *P. E. Ströhm.*—Is a very interesting variety in the Society's Rooms, and a clever example of this Artist's talents, though increased spirit in its execution would have rendered it still more attractive.

204. Smugglers pushing off their Boat. *M. Brown.*—The bustle and spirit exhibited in this scene does great credit to the skill of this veteran, a pupil, we believe, of the late President.

245. View on the Yare, near Norwich, by *J. Stark.*—318. Scene near Hastings. *Miss H. Gouldsmith.*—306. Mouth of the Wye. *C. R. Stanley.*—96. On the River Dart, near Totness. *J. Wilson.*

Among the Animals (No. 251.) Cherry, the property of a Gentleman, M. T. Ward, holds a rank of superior merit.

The Sculpture Room is nearly furnished by the Messrs. Rossi, Henning, and Seoular; and though not filled to an equal extent with the other rooms, the Models, Groups, Busts, &c. are distinguished for very considerable ability.

Views on the Rhine, &c. From Drawings by Captain Batty, F.R.S. Part I. London, R. Jennings.

SIXTY of the most picturesque Views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and in Holland, to be published in twelve Parts (every two months,) is the design of the work of which the first specimen is now before us. Its five Views are, Ehrenbreitstein; St. Michael's, Ghent; Gate of Ghent, at Bruges; Bacharach; and the Cathedral of Mayence; and we never saw more perfect gems of engraving than they severally present. The first is a beautiful subject, and beautifully executed by Goodall;

the second is chiefly of ancient masonry, and cleverly done by R. Wallis; the third calls forth the various talents in landscape of J. Edwards; the fourth is an exquisite Finden; and the last a soft and delicious bit by Woolnoth. There are brief descriptions in English and French; and the whole work is equally an honour to the taste of Capt. Batty in selecting, and the skill of the artist whom he has employed to engrave his Views.

Lodge's Portraits. Part VII.—Another admirable production, and entirely worthy of those preceding Parts of which we have spoken so very highly. The portraits are, of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke; and the famed Algernon Sidney. They are all capably executed; and indeed we can say nothing more in their favour than that they resemble what have gone before.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LOVE'S LAMENT.

Nay, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
Are all thy love has left to me;
I love thee still! but dream no more
Of happiness in loving thee.
My heart has been too rudely crushed,
For its deep wounds to ever heal;
My hopes have been too coldly checked,
For me again such hopes to feel.
My very soul is wrung! it has
Borne for thee all that it could bear,—
Two silent pulses vibrate yet
In pain—its love and its despair!
Love! for, to love so fond as mine
Only the grave an end can be;
Despair! what is there that my heart
Can hope from love, or life, or thee?
Upon my lute there is one string
Broken, the chords were drawn too fast,—
My heart is like that string—it tried
Too much, and snapt in twain at last!
Then, pray thee, let me weep, for tears
Are all thy love has left to me;
And they will fall less bitterly,
If that I think they fall for Thee.

THE POET'S RETREAT.

Oh! not in stately halls, or gilded rooms,
Or crowded city, would I dwell with thee!
But in a lowly cottage, not so high
But that the jessamine could reach the roof,
And in a lonely valley, paint thee, love!
A small white dwelling, in a paradise
Of many-coloured flowers: at the door
Should be a little porch of honeysuckle;
The lattices should have no other blinds
Than branches of red roses. In the room
A lute be placed, whose music should be heard
Together with the woodlark's evening song;
Fresh flowers in green rush baskets; and some
O'er which the Spirit of sweet Poesy (books,
Had shed his soul of beauty and of passion;
And landscapes on the walls—landscapes that
gave
The skies of other nations—rock, and storm,
And mountain-torrent—and black woods, where
dwell
The dark banditti; so that we might prize
Still more the quiet of our own calm home.
Our garden should be beautiful—but ours
The only hands that made it beautiful.
We would be proud of it. Our crocuses
(Those golden promisers of April's wealth)
Should be the first in Spring, and ours the rose
That bloomed the last in autumn. In the shade
Of an old ash, whose boughs hung o'er a bed
Of purple violets, we'd place our hire

Of bees, and plant a sweetbriar by the stand.
Around, the country should be pleasant fields,
Corn and green meadows, and their hedges rich
With the luxuriant May and wilding rose;
And in the summer time wood strawberries,—
Mixed with the azure bird's-eye at their roots.
Away, yet still the village should be seen
Visible, peeping from the tall elm trees,
With its white church and sunset-gilded spire.
And there should be a little brook, o'erhung
With graceful willows, and the water lily
Upon its calm cold surface; and at noon
Its ripple would come musical and low,
Mixed with the wood-dove's plaining to her mate.
I could be happy any where with thee!
But this, dear love!—this would be Paradise!
L. E. L.

FAREWELL TO MY FIRE.

Farewell, warm-hearted friend, whose glowing
Hath ever welcom'd me, even and morn, [face
Through frosts and damps, when, cheerless and
forlorn,
The seasons droop; and when with iron mace
Thee from thy smoky bed I did displace,
And broke in on thy coal-black reverie,
Cheerfully waked up with flaming glee!
In thy cast-iron cheeks I lov'd to trace
A mirthful smile flickering with honest grace
Through the high-polished barriers of the
grate.— [state
Thou'rt gone!—there rest in cold, ignoble
Thy shining fetters by thy vacant place.
No more shall they stir up thy rage to burn,
For poker, shovel, tongs, have also served
their turn. W. X.

BIOGRAPHY.

BELZONI.

Our poor friend, the enterprising BELZONI, is dead. He fell a sacrifice to the horrid climate of Africa, and died, after a few days' illness, at Benin, on the 3d of December last. His life is before the public in his works, and requires no memoir from us. He was altogether a man of remarkable character; had raised himself to fame by his own well-directed exertions, and perished in the pursuit of those literary and scientific labours to which he had devoted the energies of a manly body and extraordinary mind. We had a warm esteem for him, and took a heartfelt interest in his undertakings. There is now before us the last memorial which he put into our hands on leaving England, when he expressed his fixed resolution to do something memorable for African geography, or never to return: it is the medal struck to his honour by his admiring Countrymen, and presented by his native city, Padua. It has two Egyptian divinities, seated on an altar-like seat, with the inscription—OR. DONVM. PATRIA. GRATA. A. MDCCCXIX. And on the obverse—

IO. BAPT. BELZONI
PATAVINO
QVI. CEPHRENIS PYRAMIDEM
APIDISQ. THEB. SEPVLCRVM
PRIMVS APERVIT
ET VRBEM. BERNICIS
NODIAE. ET LIBYAE. MON
IMPAVIDE DETEXIT.

To this grateful tribute we shall not add any effusion of our own feelings and regrets. Most sincerely do we mourn the event which has deprived the world of his services, and us of a personal friend.

BELZONI was on his way to Houssa and Timbuctoo. Of the route to the former place the following statement was given to him by the King of Benin. It is a journey of twenty-seven days;—to Iaboo, six; thence to Eyoo,

three; thence to Tappa, nine; thence to Nyffoo, four; and thence, crossing the big water, considerably above Tongara, to Houssa, three. At Tongara, the big water is said to be tremendously rapid, though wide. It flows to the southward, and is thought by some to be the Niger, which disembogues itself into the Bights of Beapour and Benin by the seven months called Benin, Dos Eseravos, Dos Ramos, Bonny, New Calabar, Old Calabar, and Rio del Rey. Others hold that the Congo is the Niger, and that this big water is another great interior river.

Let us mention, to the honour of British commercial liberality, that BELZONI unsupported by any public body or government, had the sum of two hundred pounds placed at his disposal by a private individual, Mr. Briggs, of Alexandria, whose letters of credit to that amount in dollars, was sent to Messrs. Briggs & Co. at Fez, with a commission to write to his correspondent at Timbuctoo, to supply the traveller with the sum in the gold coin of the country; and as much more as he might have occasion for, if ever he happily reached that place. BELZONI, it is known, altered his route in consequence of the Emperor of Morocco's interdict; and, Heaven rest his ashes! lies buried at Benin.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Traditions of The Western Highlands.

No. X.

RANALD OF THE HENS.

EARLY in the 16th century, Macdonald, of Clanranald, married the daughter of Fraser Lord Lovat, and from this connexion some very unfortunate consequences to both these powerful families followed. Soon after his marriage Clanranald died, and left but one lawful son, who was bred and educated at Castle Donie, the seat of Lovat, under the care of his maternal grandfather. The name of the young chieftain was Ranald, and unhappily for himself, he was distinguished by the appellation *Gaula*, or Lowland, because Lovat's country was considered as approaching towards the manners, customs, and appearance of the Lowlands, compared to his own native land of Moidart, one of the most barren and mountainous districts in the Highlands.

Ranald was an accomplished youth, and promised to be an ornament to his family and his country; his disposition was amiable, and his appearance was much in his favour. When yet but a stripling, he visited his estate; and his people being desirous to give him the best reception in their power, he found at every house great entertainments were provided, and much expense incurred by the slaughter of cattle and other acts of extravagance, which appeared to Ranald very superfluous. He was a stranger to the customs of the country, and it would seem that he had no friendly or judicious counsellor. In an evil hour, he remarked that he was extremely averse to this ruinous practice, which he was convinced the people could ill afford; and said that, for his own part, he would be perfectly satisfied to dine on a fowl. Ranald had an illegitimate brother, (or as some now say, an uncle's son,) who was born and bred on the estate. He was many years older than the young Clanranald, and was possessed of very superior abilities in his way. He was active, brave, and ambitious, to which were added much address and shrewdness. Having

always resided in Moidart, where he associated with the people; and had rendered himself very popular, he had acquired the appellation of *Ian Moidartich*, or John of Moidart, a much more endearing distinction than *Gaula*.

The remark Ranauld had made, as to the extravagance of his people, gave great offence; and the preference he gave to a fowl was conceived to indicate a mean sordid disposition unbecoming the representative of so great a family. John Moidartich and his friends encouraged these ideas, and Ranauld was soon known by the yet more contemptuous appellation of Ranauld of the Hens. He soon left Moidart, and again returned to his grandfather's house. His brother (and now his opponent) remained in that country, and he used all the means in his power to strengthen his interest. He married the daughter of Macdonald, of Ardnarmurchan, the head of a numerous and turbulent tribe, whose estate bordered on Moidart, and his intention to oppose Ranauld became daily more evident. Several attempts were made by mutual friends to effect a compromise, but without any permanent effect. At length a conference between the brothers was appointed at Inverlochy, where Ranauld attended, accompanied by old Lovat and a considerable body of his clan; but especially a very large portion of the principal gentlemen of his name were present. John also appeared; and to prevent any suspicion of violence, the number of his attendants was but small, and his demeanour was pacific and unassuming.

Lovat made proposals on the part of his grandson, and with very little hesitation they were acceded to by John and his friends. All parties appeared to be highly pleased, and they separated.—John with his small party directing their course homeward, whilst Ranauld accompanied his aged relation to his own country, which was much more distant.

John of Moidart, however, was all along playing a deep game: he ordered a strong body of his father-in-law's people to lie in ambush in a certain spot near the path by which Lovat and his men must necessarily pass on their return home; and he took care to join them himself, by travelling all night across the mountains.

The Frasers and young Clanranald appeared, and they were attacked by their wily foe. The combat was fearfully bloody and fatal. It is said that no more than six of Lovat's party escaped, and not triple that number of their enemies. Ranauld, unquestionably the lawful representative of the family, fell covered with wounds, after having given proof that he was possessed of the greatest bravery; and his memory is to this day respected even among the descendants of those who destroyed him. John of Moidart obtained possession of the whole estate, and led a very turbulent life. Tradition says that he compromised the claims of Macdonald, of Morar, for a third part of the lands, which he yielded up to him on relinquishing all further right.

The conflict is distinguished by the designation of *Blar-tine*, or the Battle of the Shirts, the combatants having stripped themselves during the action. It was fought at the eastern end of Lochlochy, near the line of the Caledonian Canal, in July 1554. This subject has recently become of considerable importance, being one of the principal points at issue between two chieftains of the Macdonalds. We do not pretend to interfere in any such questions; we merely relate the circumstances

as they have been given to us by many persons in that country, some of them descendants of John of Moidart.

SIGHTS OF LONDON, ETC.

No. IX.

HATCHING Chickens by Steam is no joke: I have seen it done, and it is doing in a room over Mr. Bullock's Mexican Exhibition. There are hundreds of eggs, not only of hens, ducks, and other domestic poultry, but of emus* and other strange birds, in the common course of incubation. The apparatus is very simple. The eggs are deposited in trays on straw, and kept at a temperature of about 101, the natural temperature being about 104. In three weeks, the usual period for hens, the chickens burst the shell, and seem as healthy and lively as when produced by the common process. Other birds and fowls follow the same rule as to time. But the most extraordinary part of this exhibition is an invention to show or demonstrate the whole progress of hatching from day to day, from the first deposition of the egg to the final development and ejection of the animal. This consists of a series of twenty-one illuminated vessels, in each of which an egg is exposed, opened, from the first to the twenty-first day, and viewed through a glass. Thus the entire operation and secret of nature is rendered palpable to the sense. You see the yolk thicken; by the third day it displays whitish annular rings; by the fifth there is a red speck and a curious formation of slight red fibres—the future heart and blood-vessels of the bird; by the eighth or ninth these assume more perfect forms, and a black speck indicates the eye, which, in a few days more, is placed in the head above the beak; all these, and all the other parts, feathers, &c. gradually form, till at last, about the nineteenth day, the remainder of the yolk is drawn into the body by the navel, and the perfect animal subsists thereon till it is enabled to burst its shell. This it effects very ingeniously. But I must often revisit this striking exhibition, which throws a wonderful light upon one of the least understood matters in the whole circle of natural science. I have only at present to add, that the first indication of vital function takes place, as nearly as possible, about the seventy-second hour, when a quivering, like an electric spark, is observable. This is almost too minute for human sense, and vanishes momentarily; yet it seems to be the beginning of life, the incipient of the nervous system.

Captain Parry's *déjeuner* on board the *Hecla* on Tuesday, was a sight to be seen. There were assembled as white lions (independent of the Captain) as the acquaintance of the entertainers and the showery morning allowed. A steam ship, a hulk ship, and the two discovery ships, were tied alongside of each other as the scene of action. Flags were over head, instead of being under feet as in the street pavements; and this the ladies considered to be a great novelty. But they seemed to be infinitely more amused in rummaging the officers' and sailors' births (not their being brought into existence, but the sea term for their sleeping holes,) and never were vessels more curiously inspected. There was hardly a female present who did not display great talents for a Discovery Expedition, and if their organs of appropriation were at all comparable, I am sure they might as well have remained on board the hulk, or stayed

* These require seven weeks and six days incubation.

ready for the transport. The refreshment tables were spread between decks; and the early visitors, with appetites sharpened by voyaging on the Thames, cast many a longing lingering look below, till the time arrived when the hatch-ways were thrown open, and the chickens were consequently attackable. Then there was a rush down a narrow stair inscribed "Way down;" and after the first mess were satisfied, they revisited the upper deck by another ladder, marked "Way up." Others, succeeded them, and some danced and some sang. Among the latter were Leete, Hawes, Terrali, Goodall, Paton, and Pasta; but Miss Stephens was not there, because the weather looked lowering. After a few hours spent in the most agreeable manner imaginable, every body was tired and came away. Some of the fair sex were however so enchanted, that they expressed their willingness to go even to the North Pole; but Captain Parry (it was whispered) declined entering into any female engagements previous to sailing on this voyage.

The meeting of the Horticultural Society on Tuesday was a high treat. There was a profusion of fine forced strawberries, principally from the Society's garden; pines, melons, and various other fruits were also shown, and what was still better, were tasted. There were, also from the Society's garden, some beautiful plants in flower, particularly a *Cactolaria* and a *Schiranthus*, raised from seed received by the Society from Chili. These, with almost all the plants raised from seeds brought from that interesting country, are extremely valuable, for they not only possess great beauty, but are so nearly hardy that they will form most lovely additions to our green-house collections. The great lion of the day, however, was a plant of *cactus speciosus* of large size, bearing, we should think, at least five hundred flowers of indescribable beauty. It was from the valuable collection of the Count de Vandes at Baywater, and was certainly the most brilliant production of the vegetable world which we have ever seen.

Mr. Pistrucci improvised to an admiring audience on Wednesday evening, at the Argyll Rooms. I shall send you a notice of his performances next week.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI'S Opera of *Il Turco in Italia* was performed on Saturday, and introduced us to Signor Remorini, who made his first bow on that occasion to an English audience. His voice is a bass of very fine quality, and altho' it does not possess much variety, is extremely pleasing. He sings with very great taste, and was much applauded. We should also conceive that he was a good comic actor; and, as far as a face, of which one third was made up of turban and another third of beard, could give us an opportunity of judging, he appeared to have an expressive countenance. Madame de Begnis was as fascinating as ever in the heroine of the piece. But is it a custom in Italy for ladies to help their guests to sugar with their fingers? Or did she imagine that her Turkish lover, to use a homely phrase, "would like to have a taste of her hand?"

On Thursday, Madame Caradori took a brilliant benefit as Zerlina, in Don Giovanni. Her singing was exquisitely beautiful; and nothing more sweet and touching has ever been heard in this Theatre. A crowded house and almost incessant applause testified how great a public favourite this

lady is; and in our opinion no one more justly merits the full voice of popularity. Madame Biagioli was exceedingly frightened, but, with the other performers, exerted herself so as to render the Opera altogether a superior enjoyment.

DRURY LANE.

Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* was once more revived at this Theatre, on Saturday evening; but we cannot congratulate the Manager upon the manner in which it is got up, or the Public upon any amusement they are likely to derive from it. To say the truth, notwithstanding the announcement of the "new and splendid costume," and the parenthesis of "the following cast," which the bills ostentatiously displayed, it is badly dressed, and, with the exception of Macready and Mrs. Bunn, who both of them appeared to great advantage, a worse acted play we have rarely seen. Terry's Angelo, like all his serious parts, communicates nothing but a painful feeling; he always seems to be gasping for breath, and his words are brought out with the greatest apparent difficulty. If he have any wish to sustain his well-earned fame as a good actor, he must give up the Heroicks and stick to Comedy. Liston was also quite out of his element in Lucio: his fops, as we have often before observed, are by far the worst characters he plays. The pert pippant coxcomb, who attends to every body's business but his own, in his hands degenerated into a stupid, heavy sort of country booby; and as he had no opportunity given him of exhibiting his talent as a grimacier, not a single token of applause did he receive. He was uniformly dull from first to last, and only appeared in spirits when his task was over. One of the best efforts of the evening was the performance of a Mr. Webster, a very humble individual upon the establishment, who, in consequence of Harley's indisposition, undertook the part of Pompey, and played it not only with much humour, but with an originality that deserves the highest praise. The rest of the characters were so wretchedly filled, that their several representatives can escape censure only by being considered beneath our serious notice.

COVENT GARDEN.

In consequence of the favourable reception with which the re-dressing of *King John* was honoured by the Public, the Managers of this Theatre on Monday evening produced the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, with the same attention to costume which was displayed upon the former occasion. We have already expressed the opinion we entertain of these laudable efforts to do honour to our immortal Countryman; but, nevertheless, in the play now before us, we must confess that our prejudices are rather in favour of the former dresses; and, notwithstanding the propriety of the thing, we liked Falstaff better in his loose hanging sleeves and large *inexpressibles*, than we do in his present tight pantaloons and boots; and Hotspur, in our eyes, looked more in character in the buff suit in which Kemble was wont to dress him, than he now appears in white silk hose and velvet shoes. We could not also clearly make out whether it was intended that the legs and knees of the Prince and Poins should appear in *puris naturalibus*, or whether they were to be clad in pantaloons coloured to the life. The general effect, however, was highly beautiful, and some of the second dresses, the armours in particular, and the heraldic decorations about

the person, extremely picturesque. The next novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Mr. C. Kemble in the part of Falstaff. The very great ability which this gentleman had frequently exhibited in his assumption of comic characters, raised our expectations to the utmost; but candour compels us to acknowledge that the result has been very different from what we had anticipated. It is true, that his conception of this arduous part is tolerably just, that he plays it correctly, and that he delivers the text, as he always does, with singular fidelity. But the wit, the humour, the voluptuousness of Falstaff, the broad fat face, the extended forehead, the sparkling of the eye, and the fine rich jovial tone of voice, are none of them to be found. The body, it is true, is of a becoming size, but the face and voice hardly seem to belong to it; and instead of a man in the full enjoyment of health—a man, whose exuberance of flesh is not only the standing jest of his friends, but a constant source of amusement to himself, we are presented with a poor decrepit creature in the last stage of a dropsy, and literally, by "sighing and groaning, blown up like a bladder." His lamentations upon the life he had led since he had kept company with the Prince and Poins, were delivered as if he had been in earnest, and with the most serious expression. In short, there was too much effort displayed in every part of it, and the only scenes in which he reminded us of what the fat Knight should really be, were his quarrel with the hostess in the third act, and his "There's Percy for you" in the last. As a whole, therefore, we should say that it is deficient in the greater part of the requisite qualifications: it wants warmth—it wants merriment—it wants "sack and sugar;" and we regret much that Mr. Kemble should ever have attempted it. Of Mr. Young's Hotspur, the less we say the better. His performance of Sir Pertinax seems to have spoiled him for every thing else. In the early scenes, his replies to the King smacked too much occasionally of the broad northern dialect; and in the latter part of the play he favoured us with too much rant and mouthing. Of Cooper's Prince of Wales, it gives us pleasure to speak in terms of approbation. To succeed such a "Prince Hal," as we have been in the habit of seeing at this Theatre, was an undertaking of no little difficulty; Mr. C. however played with great spirit and propriety. He improves daily in his profession, and shows that he is fully equal to the line of character which he has been recently called upon to fill. Miss F. Kelly made as much of the single scene in which Lady Percy, according to the acting copies, is permitted to appear, as it was capable of; and her dress, though novel in its appearance, was by no means unbecoming. We need hardly say that Mrs. Davenport was quite at home in Mrs. Quickly. The skill with which she makes her points is beyond all praise, and the crimson gown and black cap were strictly characteristic of the impatient and bustling landlady. Abbot and Egerton were, as usual, highly respectable and correct; and the whole Play, even to the bearers of messages, adequately filled throughout.

POLITICS.

THE destruction of a British force on the Gold Coast by the Ashantees is the painful news of the week: but as some doubts are entertained as to the particulars, we abstain from entering upon them.

VARIETIES.

The Literary Fund.—The Anniversary Dinner of this excellent Charity is held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday next. We learn with pleasure that a very numerous and distinguished company are expected to assemble. Besides the Stewards, and the constant supporters of the Fund, the Foreign Ambassadors and several of our own most eminent Statesmen are invited, and a union of the great in station and the popular in literature may thus be fairly anticipated. It is understood that one distinguished Poet will grace the board, and that the enjoyments of the day are likely to be maintained with a spirit equal to the benevolence of the object in view.

Mr. Hunter, whose interesting mission to attempt the civilization of the North American Indians we have so often mentioned, leaves England for America within a few days. Having become very generally known in society of the best class, he leaves behind him a very favourable impression, and a cordial wish for the success of his noble undertaking.

The Northern Expedition, judiciously and amply provided in every respect, is to sail next week on its destination.

The Medical Society of London, at their last general meeting, presented the Eothergillian gold medal for the best Essay on Carvatures and Diseases of the Spine, to R. W. Bampffield, Esq.

A new melo-dramatic Play, in three acts, called *Haroun le Mompri*, the *Hunter of the Indies*, was lately produced at the Portsmouth Theatre with considerable magnificence of costume and decoration. This provincial novelty is the work of a Mr. Henry Sligh, known in that neighbourhood by an entertaining metrical History of Portsmouth, and his Lectures on various subjects delivered to the Literary Society. The Play is founded on events related in Syme's *Embassy to Ava*; and the young author has interwoven, as an underplot, one of the legendary tales of Hindostan.

Green-Room gossip tells that Mr. Kean will play nothing now but the *Coxcomb* in the *Pirate*, and a part in the farce of *The Citizen*.

Soirée Dansante.—"Ah, if you did but know the pain and fatigue of assembling such a party, you would pity the fate of the master of the house." Such was the remark made to me by my friend Mr. B—, who the evening before had given a ball, or rather a *soirée dansante*, as it is agreed to use that term, although any thing but good French.—"It is thirty years," added Mr. B—, "since I began to entertain friends at my own house. At that period nothing was easier. A single violin was enough for the dance; and the neighbouring tavern-keeper was happy to assist my cook in preparing supper. But how different now-a-days! A ball is a state-affair. Two or three days are scarcely sufficient for the preparations. The workmen are all artists, and Heaven only knows the deference which it is necessary to pay to these gentlemen! They turn the house out of windows. First comes the upholsterer, attended by five or six assistants. He takes my doors off their hinges; removes my furniture in order to substitute couches, garlands of flowers, and card-tables; pierces all my curtains with hooks; displaces the portrait of my aunt, which for forty years had never been touched; and despatches my poor library into the garret. The professor of culinary chemistry, vulgarly called the cook,

haughtily declares to me that he cannot operate in my kitchen, which is much too small; and I am compelled to construct a pantry in my coach-house. The director of the orchestra, who no longer plays country dances, but who executes solos, assures me that he should be disgraced if it were known that he consented to be placed on the ground, between two doors; and requires me to build a gallery in my saloon. Finally, at six o'clock in the morning, when all is over, and I want to go to bed, I can find neither my bed, nor my night-cap, and am obliged to bivouac in an arm-chair, on the field of battle, among the fragments of supper, the expiring lamps, and the cards with which the floor is strewn."—*Paris Paper.*

Rousseau and Frederic the Great.—The following hitherto unpublished distich, written by Rousseau under a print in his possession of Frederic the Great, shows the opinion which the author of "Emilius" entertained of the monarch who gave him an asylum at Nenchâtel:

Sa gloire et son profit, voilà son Dieu, sa loi!
Il pense en philosophe, et se conduit en roi.

Anecdote.—The celebrated astronomer, Dr. Maskelyne, was known to be very taciturn. One day, on his return home in the Greenwich Stage, a servant girl who travelled with him, and was disposed to be very chatty, received, as usual, nothing but monosyllables. On her leaving the coach, she thus addressed the Doctor: "If you're a wise man, you've been a fool for not talking; but if you are a fool, you've shown your wisdom by not exposing your folly by your tongue; and so I wish you a good morning."

Pneumatic Lamp.—Amongst the ingenious novelties of the present day, is a machine made by Mr. Garden, the chemist in Oxford-street, for the purpose of producing instantaneous light; which appears to us to be more simple, and less liable to be put out of order, than the Volta lamp, and other machines of a similar kind. It has lately been discovered, that a stream of hydrogen gas, passing over finely-granulated platinum, inflames it. The whole contrivance, therefore, consists in retaining a quantity of hydrogen gas over water; which is perpetually produced by a mixture of a small quantity of zinc and sulphuric acid, and which, being suffered to escape by a small stop cock, passes over a little scoop, containing the platinum, which it instantly inflames. From this a candle or lamp may be lighted, and the metal extinguished by a small cap being put over it. It forms an elegant little ornament—of small expense, and easily kept in order; and, once charged, will last many weeks or months.

Meteorite Iron.—M. de Humboldt some time ago communicated to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, an extract from a letter written by M. Boussingault, dated from Santa Fé de Bogota. This traveller states that he has found in the Cordilleras of Santa Rosa, between Timja and the plateau of Bogota, several masses of meteoric iron, which is very ductile. The weight of one of these masses is about 3000 pounds. M. Boussingault, in conjunction with M. Plurro, has surveyed (with the aid of several of Forlin's barometers) the whole of the mountainous country which extends from Caracas to Santa Fé. These same travellers have likewise observed with care the horary variations, and have collected a great number of chronometrical observations, and finally, of observations of the latitude.

EPIGRAM.

To Kate, said Will, when something mellow,
"You were glad of a God-send;
You've got but a soft-headed fellow—"
"O that," (said Kate), "I will mend."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Major Gray's African Travels, from the Western Coast to the Niger, in 1818-19-20, and 21, are preparing for publication.

Captain King's Survey of the Coast of Australia, between the years 1817 and 1822, is getting ready, under the sanction of our Secretary for the Colonies.

The Tour in Asia Minor, from the able pen of W. M. Leake, Esq. is another of the publications expected before the end of this season.

L. E. L.'s Improvisatrice, and other Poems, will appear about the end of the month.

Mr. Bullock's Six Months in Mexico is nearly ready. Sir Egerton Bridges.—This learned and indefatigable Baronet has published at Geneva a volume, forming a kind of supplement to his "Res Litterariæ," called "Polyanthes librorum veterum, italicorum, Galliarum, Hispanicorum, Anglicanorum, et Latinarum;" and consisting of a great variety of pieces, one of the most interesting of which is a translation into English by Mr. Swann, Sir Egerton's son-in-law, of Julietta, by Count Louis da Porto.

New French Poem.—Great expectations have been excited in Paris with regard to a Poem called "Philippe-Auguste," about to be published by M. Paraveau-Grandmaison, one of the Members of the French Academy. The enlightened judges whom the author has consulted respecting his work, have been much struck with its poetical beauties, and predict that it will be singularly successful.

Captain Hall's work has speedily reached a second edition, with very considerable improvements; though we thought so much of the first as hardly to suppose any alteration for the better possible. The pressure of later publications induces us, however, to pause on his volumes for this week at least; only reminding our readers that nothing more agreeable has appeared since Anson's Voyages.

Greece.—Since the commencement of the *Literary Gazette* we have had frequent occasion to mention the travels of a company of English, and German, and Danish gentlemen in Greece, and of the intended publication of the valuable fruits of their labours, when they should have duly arranged the immense store of materials which they had obtained during their four years' tour. Our readers are of course aware that the Phigalio Marbles now in the British Museum, and the Egina Statues now in the possession of the Crown Prince of Bavaria, were part of the treasures with which they were rewarded for their labours. Though, for reasons which we do not profess to be acquainted with, the impatience of the public has not yet been gratified by the publication of the intended tour, we are happy to be able to state that Dr. Broenstedt has been engaged for several years in arranging his own notes, and having the monuments, which he and his fellow-travellers discovered, engraved. But Rome not supplying him with all the literary resources necessary for the composition of a work in which erudition and philology necessarily form prominent features, he has come to Paris, with the intention of publishing in French, German, and English, both the narrative of his tour and the description of the monuments of antiquity. The first Number, containing "The Island of Zee," is ready for publication. The positions of four ancient cities determined, for the first time; a great number of antique inscriptions relative to the politics, the administration, and commerce of the Greek republics; several most interesting monuments, among which is a colossal lion, sculptured in a rock, supposed to be in commemoration of some great natural catastrophe; medals and bas-reliefs of great value; render this first Number a most promising specimen of this important work. The beautiful execution of the maps and copperplates is equal to their intrinsic value.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST:
Captain Lyon's Private Journal, 8vo. 16s.—The Cross and the Crescent, a Metrical Romance, by the Rev. J. Sereford, 8vo. 14s.—Roe's Principles of Rhythm, 4to. 16s.—The Loves of the Colours, a Poem, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Geisler's Herodotus, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. 4s.—Symonds' Translation of the Agamemnon of Eschylus, 8vo. 8s.—Prior's Life of Burke, 8vo. 16s.—Every-day Characters, or the Club Worthies, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—A Visit to the Isle of St. Domingo, 8vo. 2s.—The Chimney-sweeper's Friend and Climbing-boy's Album, 12mo.—Pearson's Introduction to Practical Astronomy, vol. 1. 4to. 3s. 3s.—Barnes' Anatomy of the Head and Neck, 8vo. 16s.—Mausch's Pupils' Pharmacopoeia, new edit. 18mo. 6s.—Bell on the Spine and Thigh Bone, royal 4to. 16s.—Harrison on the Arteries, vol. 1. 12mo. 5s.—Key on Lithotomy, 4to. 9s.—Douglas on the Miracles, abridged by Marsh, 12mo. 5s.—Watson's Family Bible, with Notes, 2 vols. 4to. 3s. 3s.—Marriott's third Course of Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Rowthorn's German Grammar, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—London's Encyclopedia of Gardening, 2d edit. 8vo. 2s.—Hayward on Horticulture, 2d edit. 8vo. 12s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 29	from 48 to 70	29.72 to 29.63
Friday..... 30	48 — 65	29.68 — 29.74
Saturday..... 1	45 — 67	29.65 — 29.69
Sunday..... 2	45 — 67	29.65 — 29.70
Monday..... 3	45 — 49	29.54 — 29.48
Tuesday..... 4	39 — 51	29.54 — 29.61
Wednesday..... 5	38 — 63	29.76 — 29.80

Winds N.W. and S.W., the latter prevailing. Generally overcast. Frequent rain since Saturday.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE TWENTIETH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS is now Open, at their Gallery, 5, Pall-Mall East.—Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 6d.—**COPLEY FIELDING, Secretary.**

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East.—The Galleries for the Exhibition and Sale of the WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, are now open from 9 o'clock till dusk.—Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—**W. LINTON, Secretary.**

MR. BULLOCK'S EXHIBITIONS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEXICO, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, are now Open: the former comprising many original and rare specimens of antique Sculpture, Paintings, &c. and models of the enormous and monstrous idols which were buried from the conquest by Cortes, until dug up by permission of the Government, at the request of Mr. Bullock, to be moulded by him for this Exhibition; and the latter containing a superb and accurate Panoramic View of the City and Valley of Mexico, an Indian Hut, and a Native of the place, a Garden, and a splendid collection of objects illustrative of the extraordinary Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Minerals, Fruits, Vegetation, and general Natural History of that interesting Kingdom. Descriptive Catalogues may be had.

EXHIBITION OF SPLENDID DRAWINGS, 9, Soho-square, is open containing a most brilliant Collection of the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, &c. and the following Academicians and Members of the Royal Academy, by Messrs. Turner, Stothard, Wilkie, Westall, Owen, Collins, Cooper, Daniell, Jones, &c. By the late Messrs. Gainsborough, Wilson, Cipriani, Hamilton, and Bannister, by Messrs. R. Leslie, A.R.A., H. Edridge, A.M.A.; and by Messrs. Girtin, Dawkins, Havell, Crispall, Lighton, Brockedon, Green, Wilkin, Uwins, &c. &c. &c. &c. With choice Specimens by the following Old Masters, from the finest Collections: Michael Angelo, Raphael, Parmegiano, Correggio, Annibal Carracci, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyske, Ossade, Spuyers, &c. &c. &c. The Exhibition is also enriched with "The Two Moonlights," and a "Morning Scene," by Gainsborough, exhibited by artificial light.—Open from 10 till 6.—Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY, under the immediate Patronage of His Majesty, THE ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of this Society will be celebrated at Freemasons' Hall on Wednesday next the 10th of May, on which occasion His Royal Highness the Duke of YORK will take the Chair. The company of such Noblemen and Gentlemen as may be favourable to an institution, which has for its object the relief of Men of Talent (Authors) in distress, is earnestly solicited. Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING. President—His Grace the DUKE of SOMERSET.

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Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also at the Chambers of the Society, 4, Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.
SYRIA.—Mr. ARROWSMITH has lately completed a new and accurate MAP of this interesting Country, in Two Sheets, showing the very great and little made to its Geography; on which the ancient as well as the modern Names are pointed out, and the Routes of the most scientific Travellers inserted. Price 11s. 6d. A. has also recently published a large Four Sheet Map of Africa, wherein the Courses of the Nile, Gambia, and Senegal; the Kingdoms of the Interior; the Kingdoms of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Coast Outline, are delineated, with all their new features. Price 31s. 6d. To be had at Arrowsmith's, 10, Soho-square.

COUNT LAS CASES' JOURNAL of the CONVERSATIONS of NAPOLEON, being now concluded, by the publication of the 7th and 8th Parts; those who have not yet completed their Sets, are requested to make application to their respective Booksellers.—These new Parts contain among a variety of other curious matter: Portrait, by Napoleon, of all the French Ministers—His opinion of the Duke of Wellington, and other great Commanders—His observations on the character of the late Princess Charlotte—Anecdotes of the interior of the Tuilleries, and particularly of the two French Emperors—Napoleon's intended self-destruction on the 12th August, &c. &c. Published and sold by Henry Colburn, & New Burlington-gate; Bell & Bradstreet, Edinburgh; & John Canning, Dublin.

